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DIRGE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O Cuba, softly were thy heights
Above the lonely mourner's breast!
Dark as his sorrow's air, for thee
Was to thy knees the saddest breeze
That ever yet a poem spread
Above some City of the Dead!

II.

O River, gentle be thy brook,
And only sad as still as Death!
Deep in his mourning: let thy silence
Be solemn as a poet's rhyme
That sings of summer when she goes
To sleep upon her withered rose!

III.

O Sun, light not the funeral dim!
Above her silent slumber kneel!
He robs beside his grave: oh, make
A holy twilight for his sake!
For sorrow hates a golden hour
In such a time by tree and stream.

IV.

O Night, when thou dost tremble down,
Wear not for him thy starry crown;
And bid the moon with pallid smile
Walk softly through each dreary aisle!
With sock remorseful tears and sighs,
Thou Mother-Nature, sympathize!

EUDORA,
OR,
THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "THE ROSE OF DEVEREUX," "HOME SCENES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"If the grave gather
Forward my feet in eagle of flames bird,
Though the sea roll between, and the sun
Be darkened, and stars."

When the doctor had left the library Malcolm Montrose blew himself back in his chair, clasped his forehead between his hands, and strove to master the consternation that seemed to shake his very senses.

Grief, horror, and amazement, sufficient to have shaken the firmness of the strongest mind, deprived him for the moment of all power of practical and definite action. And yet, through all the terrible emotions that shook his soul to its centre, he was conscious of a profound incredibility in the truth of the doctor's statement. But the child, the uncertainty, the severe recollection of such atrocious crimes, perpetrated in the bosom of his own family, overwhelmed him with consternation.

"Dead by the hand of the secret poisoner!" the baron and his daughter too! the baron, whose whole life had been taken up with the noblest benefactions, and his child, whose days had been ever devoted to the happiness of all around her! their benign lives cut off by poison! Impossible! impossible! It cannot be! It is not so!

And yet, and yet the suddenness and the strangeness of both deaths, and the unquestionable competency of the physician who attended them in their last hours, and who now makes this dreadful assertion!

"And if this is so, by whom, great Heaven? By whom has this most atrocious crime been perpetrated? and for what purpose? Who could have had any interest in the premature death of this noble man and lovely girl?

"No one but—oh, Heaven! but Eudora! She is their heiress; the estate is now hers, but she is innocent! my life, my honor, my soul will I stake upon her innocence. And yet, if this father and child shall be proved to have died by poison, how black the evidence may be made to appear against her, and how weak her own position. She is an orphan and friendless, and though on her father's side of English parentage, like it or foreign birth and education, and yet born in this country too short a time to establish a character. She has no good antecedents to set against this dreadful charge with the strong testimony that may be brought to support it. She was the third in succession to this estate, and, consequently, her succession interrupted the claims of the baron and his daughter. She was the constant attendant of the late Lord Lenton, and prepared the drink of which he died. She watched last night by the side of Agatha, and administered to her the so-called fatal draught. If they are proved to have died by poison it will rain her indeed. She will be called a second Brinvilliers. She will be arraigned, tried, condemned—oh, Heaven of Heavens! what unspeakable horrors remain in store for her, innocent as an angel though I know her to be."

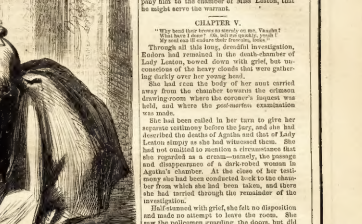
Such were the maddening thoughts that coursed through his brain and caused the sweat of agony to start from his forehead. He wiped the loaded drops from his pale forehead, and sprang up and paced the room with disordered steps, laboring in vain for the composure that he could not attain.

The death of the noble-hearted baron in the prime of life, the death of the sweet young girl in down of youth, were mournful enough, even though they died from natural causes, and if they perished by poison administered by treacherous hands their fate was dreadful indeed. And yet it was nothing to be compared with the unutterable horror of that train of misfortunes which threatened the orphan stranger, the innocent Eudora. And thus other emotions of sorrow for the loss of his near relatives were awakened up in an anguish of anxiety for the fate of the orphan girl.

And so in severe for self-command, and coolness, and clearness of mind, that he might be prepared to assist at the approaching investigation, in the hope of discovering the truth, and clearing the fame of Eudora.

He paced up and down the library floor until he had obtained the necessary state of calmness to deal with this mystery.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.



MALCOLM, EUDORA AND THE PRINCESS PENZILLI.

When the doctor had left the library he was met in the hall by the existing household assembled in great agitation, and saying:

"Sir, I was just coming to see you. The Princess Penzilli begs that you will hasten at once to your lady's bedside, as her ladyship is in the death-throes!"

Without a word of reply the doctor turned and hurried up the stairs and along the corridor leading to Lady Lenton's apartments.

When he entered the chamber he found Lady Lenton in violent convulsions, and restrained from throwing herself out of the bed only by the strong arms of the Italian princess, which, thrown around her shoulders, supported her heaving form.

As soon as the doctor stepped up to the bedside, her form relaxed and became supine as that of an infant.

The princess held the head back upon the pillow. Her eyes closed, and the ashen hue of death overspread her features.

The doctor took up her left hand, and placed his fingers upon the pulse. But that pulse was still, and that hand was the hand of the dead. He held it gently down, and turning, looked upon those gathered around the bed.

They were the Princess Penzilli, Eudora Lenton, and her ladyship's maid.

Especially he fastened his eyes upon Eudora, who knelt on the opposite side of the bed, with her face buried in the bed-clothes, in an attitude of deep grief.

"Can any one here inform me whether Lady Lenton drank of the tamarind-water which stood upon the mantelshelf of Miss Lenton's chamber?" inquired the doctor, looking sternly around him.

"Yes, sir," answered the lady's maid, looking up through her tears; "when my lady was so agitated by seeing the condition of Miss Lenton as to be near swooning, I was obliged to support her in my arms, I called for a glass of water, and Miss Eudora quickly poured out a tumbler of tamarind-water, saying there was no other at hand, and held it to her ladyship's lips."

"And her ladyship drank it?"

"Yes, sir; she eagerly drank off the whole glassful, for she was so anxious to keep up for Miss Lenton's sake, and thought that she was past all help," replied the woman.

"That will do," said the doctor, once heading his stern scrutiny upon the kneeling form of Eudora.

But the girl, unconscious of the storm that was gathering over her head, remained absorbed in grief.

"Madame," said the doctor, turning to the Princess Penzilli, "your friend has joined her daughter. There is now no lady at the head of this afflicted house. I must, therefore, entreat you for charity to assume some necessary authority here over these distressed female domestics; at least, until some measures can be taken for the regulation of the establishment."

The Italian princess lifted her fine face, to which grief seemed to bring a look like habitual composure of pride, and gracefully indicating Eudora by a small wave of her arm, she said:

"You forgot, sir, that we stand in the presence of the young lady of the house, who, however bowed with grief she may now be, will soon, no doubt, be found equal to her high position."

"Madame, if your highness alludes to Miss Eudora Lenton, I must beg to say that she cannot be installed in functions with any of the offices of the household for the present," replied the doctor.

The mention of her name in so stern a manner aroused Eudora from her trance of sorrow, and she arose from her knees, and looked around, to see every eye bent on her in doubt, perplexity, and suspicion. While she looked beseechingly from one face to another, as if praying for some explanation of their strange regards, there came a low rap at the door.

The doctor went and softly opened it. And the voice of a servant was heard, saying:

"The coroner has arrived, and begs to see you at once, if you please, sir."

"In good time," replied the doctor. "Have the police arrived?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send two of them up to me at once, and say to Coroner Adams, that I will lie with him immediately."

The servant withdrew, and the doctor, returning to the side of the Italian princess, said:

"Madame, will your highness be pleased to retire to your own apartments, as this chamber, with all its other occupants, must be placed in charge of the police."

The princess, with a look of surprise, bent her stately head, and passed forth from the room.

She had scarcely withdrawn when the two policemen presented themselves.

"You will keep the door of this apartment, and let no one enter or pass out," said the doctor, giving them the charge over an extensive range of the death-chamber.

He gave a glance at Eudora, who stood still by the bedside, the image of grief, wonder, and perplexity, and then he passed on, and went down to rejoin Mr. Montrose, and to meet the coroner.

He met Malcolm, who was just leaving the library to meet him.

"What is the matter now? What new misfortune has occurred?" inquired the young man, noticing the doctor's severe and threatening countenance.

"Lady Lenton has just expired, a victim to the same diabolical agency that destroyed her husband and daughter," said the doctor, sternly.

Montrose started back panic-stricken, and muttered:

"Horror on horror! Are we sleeping or waking—mad or sane? Lady Lenton dead?"

"We are awake and in our right senses, Mr. Montrose, and Lady Lenton is dead—died by the hands of that same young Asiatic fiend who murdered her husband and her daughter!"

"Dr. Watkins, beware how you charge an innocent girl with the commission of crime!"

"Mr. Montrose, I see that you are a partizan of Miss Lenton's, but I here make no charge which I am not able to prove before the coroner's inquest, and which their verdict will not moon confirm."

"Miss Lenton's maid, Mrs. Gilbert, tells me that you are all safe," replied the woman.

"That will do," said the doctor, once heading his stern scrutiny upon the kneeling form of Eudora.

But the girl, unconscious of the storm that was gathering over her head, remained absorbed in grief.

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respect and sweet and commiled for what purpose, great Heaven! for what purpose? What object could I have had in the destruction of my own nearest kindred, dearest friends, and only protectors? demanded my unhappy girl, in a tone of impassioned grief, indignation, and horror.

"Your object was obvious to the dullest comprehension; it formed one of the strongest points in the evidence against you?" said the implacable doctor.

"My object, then, what was it? You who charge me with the crime, declare the object?" exclaimed Eudora, wrestling upon his face her blazing eyes, through which her rising and indignant soul flashed repudiation at so vile a charge.

"Your object, girl, was the inheritance of their estate. Lord and Lady Lenton and their daughter being dead, you are the sole heiress of unencumbered Allworth," replied the unfeeling physician.

The fire that flashed from her eyes, the color that burned upon her cheeks, the form of majesty! The pallor of unutterable horror spread like death over her face. She tried to arise, but must have fallen to the floor, but recovered herself by a violent effort. Clasping her hands in the agonizing extremities of her appeal, she exclaimed—

"Oh! does any one here believe this of me?" Silence was the only reply.

"Madame Penfield! you have known me intimately for months—do you believe it?" she said, turning in an anguish of supplication to the Indian princess.

"Bellisima, my heart is brother—do not ask me!" said the princess, averting her face.

Eudora turned her dispairing eyes to the crowd of slaves, pitiless, scowling faces, and seeing the form of Malcolm Montrose in the background, she stretched out her clasped hands in passionate prayer, towards him, and the tears of her voice sang, wild, high, and piercing to the agony of her last appeal, as she cried—

"Mr. Montrose! oh, Mr. Montrose! you do not believe me to be such a fiend?"

"No, no, no!" said Malcolm, earnestly, fervently, vehemently, as he pushed his way through the crowd, and came to her side, and took her hand. "No, Eudora! I do not believe it! I have never for an instant believed it, and I believe it! You are innocent of the very thought of evil! and this I will uphold and defend before and in public! I will stand by you like a brother; I will die, if need be, in your cause! At last, so far as you have need of me, and I power to serve you—and to this I pledge you my life, soul, and honor! And as I keep this pledge to you, may Heaven deal with me as I deal with you!" said Malcolm, with a solemnity that was extremely impressive.

Your innocence is a mighty, but a mysterious, solid, which all these atrocious charges must assail in vain!

"Oh, thanks! thanks, thanks!" said Eudora, her face now melting into the first tears that she had shed since her arrest.

"Mr. Montrose, I would recommend you to be cautious," said the doctor, coming up to the one before you, young gentlemen, that you are not so far removed from suspicion of the crime yourself as to be considered as accessory to the crime was serious-ly discussed at the inquest."

The cheeks of Malcolm Montrose glowed, his eyes flashed, and he made a movement as if going towards his accuser, then recollecting himself, he dropped his head, saying—

"No, no, no! you are as old friend of the family, and it is your zeal alone for them that urges you to such indecorous speech and action. And since the wisdom of the coroner's jury was engaged with the question of my arrest, I wish to Heaven and mother I had! Since then I have found a verdict against this most innocent girl, I would to the Lord they had found one against me too for accomplicity, that I might stand where she will have to stand; meet what she will have to meet; and endure what she will have to endure! Go, tell the nearest magistrate from me, from all the Montrose Eudora family, he has committed Malcolm Montrose as base her alder and sister—say, her lawgiver! Tell him, from me, that when Eudora Lenton proceeded her husband, Malcolm Montrose proceeds the base and mitred the drink! Tell him that when Eudora Lenton is in the prisoner's cell waits in the prisoner's dock, or stands upon the scaffold, Malcolm Montrose should be by her side as for the more guilty of the two! Tell him this from me, and get me committed! you will thank you!"

You are mad, Mr. Montrose, as indeed the events of this day are well calculated to make you," replied the doctor.

Then turning to the officer, he said—

"It is getting late; had you not better remove your prisoner?"

"It is some distance to the county goal, sir. Is there not to bring us a chaise to the door, that I could have the use of to carry her in? or else is there a messenger I could send to the Loston Arms to fetch one?" inquired the constable.

"There is a chaise in the stables, I know. Go John, and order it to be got ready," commanded the doctor.

The old servant withdrew to obey. The constable turned to Eudora, and said:

"Miss Lenton, while the chaise is getting ready, you had better be pasting on your things."

"Oh, dear! Is this some dreadful form or or ing madness that has taken possession of me, or is it true that I must leave the house where Sir, the dead bodies of my husband, and go to the county goal, charged with the murder of my nearest relations? Oh, horror! horror! Malcolm Montrose, where are?" she cried, covering her face with her hands as though to shut out some horrid vision, and shrinking in the floor.

Montrose stepped and raised her, murmuring—

"I will! I will, Eudora! if it is in human power to do it. You need not be taken from here to-night—you must not be! I will see the magistrates myself!"

Then turning to the crowd of servants that still lingered in the room, he added—

"Have the magistrates yet taken their departure?"

"No, sir; they are taking some refreshment in the dining-room," answered one of the servants.

"Rest here, dear Eudora, until I return," said Montrose, placing her in an easy-chair, and then going to the side of the Indian princess, he said—

"Madame, for Heaven's sake speak to her!"

And he hurried from the chamber, and went down the dining-room, where the magistrates were sitting over their wine.

He addressed them respectfully, speaking of the approaching storm, the darkness of the night, and the badness of the mountain-roads this by between Allworth and the county goal; and proposed that as the accused was but a young and delicate girl, she might be permitted to remain at Allworth Abbey through the night.

Mr. Montrose, as the nearest male representative of the Lenton family, might be supposed to have considerable influence with the magistrates. The latter were, besides, pleased with their duty's work, and subdued by the genial influence of the juice of the grape; and the boon that was craved by Malcolm Montrose was not under the circumstances, unreasonable. Therefore, after some little delay and consultation, it was agreed that the accused should remain at the Abbey through the night, securely locked up in the chamber which she now occupied, and strongly guarded by a pair of constables, one of which was to be placed on the outside of each door.

And Malcolm Montrose was authorized to bear this order to the constables.

Meanwhile Eudora had sunk back in the large chair where he had left her, and covered her face with her hands. The Princess Pamlini had dispossed of her shawl, and the two servants of Eudora to fetch her bonnet and shawl. And Malcolm found the girl in the same sitting attitude girl, urging her to arise and prepare herself to accompany the constable and county goal:

"It will all turn out for the best, Bellisima, and how to may. If you are proved innocent you will be set at liberty; if you are proved guilty you will have the privilege of expiating your crime by the death of your body and soul in the sure your soul. So, end as it may, Bellisima, it will all be right!

"But hark, mum, s'peare she be innocent, and yet be hanged! Oh, dear! oh, dear! no one ever have been before her!" suggested Tabitha Tabs, the maid who had now returned with the bonnet and shawl, and stood with them hanging over her arm.

"In that case, my good girl, she will be a martyr, and go to Heaven, and I, too, as it may, I will be all right. We should bow to the will of Heaven," said the princess mildly.

"Can't see it, mum, as it would all be right for the innocent to be hanged, and go to the Heaven, rather, begging your pardon, mum, for such a word, than the guilty. Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!

"You are a simple girl, and need instruction. Now, assist your young mistress to put on her bonnet and shawl," directed the princess, good child and put on your wrappings."

"Yes, Miss, do so if you please, as the storm is coming on, and the grating does like roads is horrid between here and the goal," said the constable, who spoke with Malcolm Montrose.

"Ah, well! you will until Mr. Montrose returns. He is gone to the magistrates, and will be recalled here until morning," pleaded Eudora.

"Do your duty, sir, and the young man, by force of anguish, "that if she is brought to the goal!" answered the princess.

His voice was choked by his rising agony. He could not speak another word.

"I think it as certain as any future event can be that Mr. Montrose will be here," said the doctor. "I will be condemned and escorted for the constable's honour, sir, to see that you do your duty."

However, sir, you are very ill! You—you have been made ill, sir, by the shock of the fright you received house, but what you could rely upon?" said the doctor, rising up to the side of the sofa on which lay the young man, who had been carried into the chief sitting-room of the house, and laid upon the sofa.

"Thank you, I am well. Oh, thank you for this short respite, dear Malcolm!" exclaimed Eudora, as he turned to leave the room.

Malcolm pressed her hand in silence, and then whispered to her to be calm.

The doctor really trembled with rage.

"Mr. Montrose, sir, I am sorry, at least, that her present prison is serene. Madame Penfield, will your highness consent to remove from the room," he added, turning re-luctantly to the princess.

"Good night, Eudora; repent and pray," said the princess, and, following the example of Montrose and to the doctor, she withdrew.

"Mr. Montrose, sir, and gentlemen, several noiselesses every non and woman of you! I want this room to myself," said the doctor, as was the next stem order of the doctor to the constables and servants.

All immediately departed except Tabitha Tabs, who went bodily and pinched herself beside her young mistress in a cover of drought.

"Follow your fellow-servants, woman," commanded the doctor.

"Where my young lady orders me to do so, sir," replied Tabitha.

Eudora's left hand was clenched in that of Malcolm Montrose, and the three rose with their hand and grasped that of her humble attendant, and pressed it.

"Oh, no, no, do not leave me, good Tabitha!" For the fifth time she cried, "Oh, dear!"

"No! till they tares me away glescued with force!" said the girl, with a sob. "I will be forced away all at once," replied Tabitha, virtuously, drawing up her person, and looking defiance from her resolute eyes.

"Officer, remove that contumacious girl from the room," said the doctor, angrily.

The two constables stepped forward to obey, but Malcolm Montrose dropped the hand of Eudora and confronted them, saying:

"Do your peril!"

Then turning to the enraged physician, he said—

"Doctor, nothing but my knowledge of the sincerity of your solicitude for the lady would enable me to endure the violence of your conduct. But you push your zeal beyond the prudence too far. You have no right to say that this girl shall not remain in her mistress's chamber unhappy mixture through the night. What harm can she do? And if she does, she can easily be guarded by constables placed on the outside of her chamber door, it is but natural that she should have a female attendant in the room with her."

"Very well," said the doctor, grimly, "as far as I am concerned, you may have her with the woman to; but I shall take very good care that she herself does not get out!"

And so saying, he went immediately to the two high Gothic windows that lighted the vast room, and began to push open the casements and the iron bars across them, secured the latter with padlocks and gave the key to the chief constable, who held the warrant. He next addressed one of the officers on the other side of the door leading to the other rooms of this suite of apartments, desiring him to take the key and keep the key in his pocket. And, finally, having ascertained that the fastenings of the chamber were well secured, he prepared to withdraw.

Malcolm Montrose pressed the hand of Eudora to his lips, saying—

"Good night, dearest Eudora. Confide in the God who never yet to deliver innocence. And bending lowly to her ear, he whispered; "Be calm, Eudora! Be calm and looking kindly towards Tabitha, he said:

"Good girl, take great care of your mistress to-night."

"You may trust me for that, sir," answered Miss Tabs, condescendingly.

And once more pressing the hand of Eudora, he stepped it, and withdrew from the room.

The doctor and the bed constable followed. They all passed in the hall outside until the constable had double locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, and taken his station before the room.

"And now I think your prisoner is quite secure, even though you should sleep on your post, officer," said the doctor, with grim satisfaction, as he walked away from this spot.

Malcolm Montrose smiled strangely as he followed.

In the hall below they were met by a servant, who announced the arrival of Mr. Carter, the family solicitor, who had asked to see Mr. Montrose, and who had been shown to the library, where he now waited.

Malcolm immediately went thither, and when the door was closed upon him with the attorney, related to him all the details of the household tragedy, and the arrest of Eudora Lenton upon the awful charge of poisoning the whole family.

When Malcolm had finished, and the lawyer was deceived his presence of mind, they discussed the matter in all its bearings, and advances would permit. The lawyer insisted that there should be a consultation with counsel, and convicting, and that there was not in the whole range of history a more possibility a single instance of her being acquitted; while Malcolm, in agonized earnestness, persisted in upholding her perfect innocence.

"But if she did not do it, who did it?" persevered lawyer the lawyer.

"Aye, who, indeed! Conjecture is as a fait guide to truth," answered Malcolm, who was forced out by mental anguish from the brow.

"I do not think Malcolm Montrose did it!"

"Not one?"

"No, not one! His family defended my person, or casually injured my son, or made say enemy to—"

"No, no, no; they never wronged or offended a human being, or had an enemy in the world!"

"Was there no one whose interests was connected with the life of the victims and the light?"

"None on earth! Lord Lenton and his family were on his own property, and lived in the most friendly, sequestrious, and dependents. They had no relations but the nearest kindred!"

"It comes back, then, to this: that no one could have any motive for the destruction of the whole family, except this half-Indian girl, who is the nearest relative, the sole remainder in their illness, and prepared and administered the poison by which they died, and in which the poison was detected—but Eudora Lenton is not the *Nihar Sanda Apsali*, a deadly product of the Indian Archipelago, and which, I have reason, no doubt, to this Asiatic girl. Mr. Montrose, you were acquainted with the use and dangerous ingredients of innumerable snookeys, whose sinister qualities the colonies of Europe have discovered?"

"As our eyes, relieved from the fierce glare of the sun, regain the power of vision, hearing is green accustomed to the drop shadows of the forest, so my mind, relieved from the horrors and tortures leaping from limb to limb, and grinning and grimacing upon me after the most laminal fashion.

"My sons, for amusement, frequently struck out with their oars, or the boat hook, at the most little wreathes, but with either half of their half of anger, they jumped out of horse's mouths to recover their oars! and reminded to the fact that their usually quiet retreat was beset with strange strangers. I learned that on the passage of the waters, those little boats in which my sisters facetiously called them, were rarely touched. It was the sight of these boats that created so much confusion among them.

"Mr. Montrose—let me call—"

"No, no," interrupted Malcolm, holding up his hand to check the lawyer's speech, and trying to regain his self-control, for manhood can it was a struggle. "Let me speak! Let me speak! No! It is like three!"

"Mr. Montrose, sir, sent it like a man!" said the lawyer, who began to understand that it was the best plan to let the excited young man unload the strong frame of the young man.

"I have been, sir, a young and successful, so innocent and so beloved, to be buried down to the dust and humiliation, and I am the object of anguish from the loving breast of Malcolm.

"Mr. Montrose, sir, I have been the happy possible sobs of agony convulsed his great chest. "Mr. Montrose, sir, I have been the—"

"In spite of all this, I will save her. I have staked my life, my soul and honor upon it, and I will redeem the pledge with peril than my soul, and honor for her deliverance!"

Malcolm Montrose had regained his strength, for at once he resumed the command of himself. He arose from his seat, and with a few expressions of emotion into which he had been betrayed, he took his leave of the lawyer, who promised an earlier forms of mind, and not a servant entered to announce Mr. Montrose.

Malcolm begged the lawyer to excuse him for the abruptness of his departure, and for the request him to bear his excuses to the anglo-Indian gentleman, with peril than mine own

THE SAILOR BOY'S SONG OF THE SEA.

BY TAMAR ANNE KEMMIDE.

Sweet are the songs of the woodland birds,
And their notes of joy are pleasing,
Sadly sacred floats music 'till ev'ry,
All the long bright summer day,
The butterflies spread their gaudy wings,
And gracefully hover the bee;
But my heart is sad, for I sound here,
The voice of the murmuring sea.

Give me your blessing, and let me go—
For to my heart so more
Brings its soft dreams of hope and love,
As it fill to the bliss of yore.
I watch the flowers by our cottage brim,
But their beauty is nought to me,
For I listen and plan with an aching heart,
For the voice of the murmuring sea.

Bless, and forgive me, mother dear,
I love the sailing boat;
I listen and plan with an aching heart,
Most each me, and sing me to sleep.
The friends who cluster around our hearth,
Will ever be dear to me,
And I wish I had never heard,
The voice of the murmuring sea.

THE WAYWARD CHILD.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF A PEDAGOGUE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I do not recall the little passage of experience herewith given for the purpose of making a story; but I do it with the hope that it may fall under the eye of some mother who, and of some father—who may be benefited by its lesson.

In the winter of 18— I took charge of the school in the thriving village of Willow Point; and I lovated with Mrs. Edgerly, in a pleasant cottage roof I found a cheerful, comfortable home. In fact, I never boarded where I felt more at home than I did there; for Mrs. Edgerly was emphatically a housekeeper, and it was a pleasure, during from the fullness of a kind, good soul, that all within her domestic circle should be amply cared for. She was a neat, tidy, busy woman, with social qualities of a high order; respected and beloved by all who knew her; and, withal, a very valuable member of the society in which she moved and acted. Her husband was an engineer—a man of strong mind and will, who did his own thinking upon all important matters, and who wielded a marked influence in the affairs of town and county. They had two children—a boy and a girl. The boy was the eldest, being ten sixteen, and had already begun to display those qualities of mathematical and mechanical intellect which have since made him one of the most successful engineers of our time.

The girl was named Kate. She was nine years old; bright as a star, and joyous as the bounding brooklet. I reckoned a child more than I loved that one. Age—and every one loved her who knew her. And yet, with all these excellencies, there were jarring elements in that household. Mrs. Edgerly, with all her mother's love and mother's devotion, did not know that Kate was the worst spoiled child I ever saw. It was in the presence of this child that my good, kind hostess received the one great fault of her life—IMPATIENCE.

At this time I never heard Mrs. Edgerly scold her darling I could hardly believe my own ears. It did not seem possible that the warm-hearted mother could use such language. She seemed to such a child; but I finally came to understand it—yet it was a long time ere I could reconcile these conditions with her other developments of character.

"O, that child will worry me to death!"

How many times I have heard her speak the words; and how exaggerate they were of a patience wholly exhausted.

I remember one morning in particular. It was in the spring, and the children had been out before breakfast, wanted to go out and play. She asked her mother if she might go. The answer was a quick, decisive no. But Kate was not satisfied with such a response. She looked up.

"I tell you—no!" Mrs. Edgerly spoke sharply, and stamped her foot upon the floor.

I was prepared for a scene, for I knew the mental, or rather, the psychological, condition of the parties; and I knew, too, just how it would all terminate. I knew that the mother was fretted, and that the child was spoiled.

"I should think I might go out," said Kate.

"I tell you, you can't; and that's enough."

"I shall go out!" and the child, as she said this, looked into her mother's face with a keen, searching glance.

Let me catch you going out—just let me catch you at it—that's all!"

This was spoken violently and angrily; but the little one, looking out from its large blue smiles, saw that it meant nothing at all. The parent's words were but the offspring of passion; and though the face showed anger, yet it failed to show anything like decisiveness. Of course Kate could not reason upon these nice distinctions of facial expression; but her intuitive faculties led her to feel just how deep her mother's determination was. It was with her a sort of instinct, and she mastered the parent's power of resistance with wonderful accuracy.

"I shall go out!" And the little head leaned over upon one side with significant, knowing look of meaning. "I shall go out!" It was not spoken quickly, and so bent; but slowly and carefully, as though the child were feeling her way to conquest.

The mother made no reply to this, other than a threatening shake of the head; and presently Kate began to cry.

"O, my soul! that child will worry me to death!" The words were full of pain and anguish. And still the child cried on.

"Stop that crying this minute, or I'll come and give you something that you won't like to—stop, I say!"

"Marry I go out?"

"Haven't I told you a hundred times—no?" And the first come down with startling force.

The child cried louder than before.

"Stop that crying, or else go up stairs. I won't have any more of it here! I declare, Kate, you are the torment of my life. I shall be glad when you are out of this!"

Crying still the child left the kitchen, and went up stairs; and ere long she returned, and commenced the attack anew.

Another season of tumult, and finally I heard three words drop from the mother's lips:

"Well, go! Go, and stay!" I don't want to see you again for a month! Did ever anybody see such a child?"

Kate was very soon outgoing herself out of doors; and in half an hour Mrs. Edgerly had her work done up, and was rushing from her labors. As soon after as her child were as happy as happy could be, and a casual visitor would never have believed that there was a cloud of that morning could have transpired between that roof.

And yet, on that very afternoon, there was another scene very much like it. Kate wanted to bring her playthings into the sitting-room; and the mother said, no. Then followed half an hour of storm and gloom. The child was fierce, and provoking, and loud in her tearful ejaculations; while the mother fretted and scolded, declaring a dozen times that the very life was being worried out of her. In the end Kate brought her playthings into the sitting-room; though it was a long time before the tyrannies recovered her good nature. Then she somehow was restored at length, and Mrs. Edgerly was once more happy, and little Kate was once darling.

And thus it was, day after day. As I have said, at first I could not understand it; but gradually the whole truth was opened to me, and I was side to see how the kind-hearted, affectionate mother was wrought upon by her child to whom she came in contact with the will of her little one.

Mr. Parker, a young lawyer of the village, boarded in the house, and roomed next to the As we sat in the parlor one evening, Mr. Edgerly joined us, and talk as of the fine prospect which was unveiling with at his new school. By and by the notes of a storm broke upon our ears. The voice of little Kate was heard in shrieks, now in no angry tones, and I saw the pain-marks overspread the face of her husband. He knew that we knew the whole story; and, in a moment of anguish, he gave his knowledge utterance.

"O, that is too bad. I'm afraid my wife will ruin that child!"

At first I thought I would say nothing; but when Mr. Edgerly looked into my face, as though he would have me reply, I spoke to him my feelings.

"I think there is no danger of that, sir." And I spoke my heart with deliberateness. "The mother loves her child too well for any such result."

"But," said Edgerly, "that isn't the thing. I know that she loves the child deeply, and passionately. She would die first. When she has those violent spells, I know that she would not object may be."

"Yes, sir," I replied, "the evil effect falls all upon herself. She suffers more than the child does. She is wrought up to a terrible pitch of loved; and, through all the storm and darkness, you see by now that the little one never loses sight of the maternal affection that still burns behind the clouds. For her own sake the mother her should try to control herself; but I think you may rest easy about the child."

Mr. Edgerly looked astonished.

"Let me ask you, sir, if you have ever seen a child has any disposition to do that which it knows to be wrong?"

"No, no," was the quick, emphatic answer.

"And, further," I added, "do you think the mother would allow her child to do a wrong without, at the same time, demonstrate whether, if it is in her power to prevent it?"

"Most certainly not!"

"Then, my friend," and the child knows this, too. Little Kate knows that her mother would not allow her to do wrong. She knows, moreover, she has no desire to do such things. Her mother knows that she does not desire to do wrong, and she persists so longer. So, you see, in all these storms, the element of right is present up the child is not beat upon doing wrong; but that which, with the mother's permission, would be wrong. Now, sir, I am not a parent, but in years, is a thorough diplomatist. She feels that when the parent has once decided that a thing is wrong, and when a project is formed in her mind, she seeks to prevent the execution of that evil. If the government taken a hasty stand, and then backs down when the pressure is brought to bear, then its aims are insecure, and its disposition good, and its officials are its parents, they had you will receive little or no injury. Believe me, sir, the mother is the one upon whom the greatest fault is charged."

Something called Mr. Edgerly out, and Parker and I were left alone.

"Upon my soul," said the lawyer, "I think you are right; though I never looked at the matter in just that light before. It does seem to me that Kate has the strongest party, at night say, the governing power."

"Of course," said I.

"And can you account for it?" Parker asked.

"Certainly, certainly," I replied. "I have been at often remarked that Kate is the exact picture of her mother."

"Yes."

"Side—the is more than a picture of him. She is a reflection of his very soul and spirit. She has his nature in miniature, but that is the particular. Just look at the face and head she bears about her shoulders. She has the strongest points. I think Benevolence is her leading characteristic among the moral organs. Her Combativeness she has strong, and Destructiveness, or respect anything, save through her affections. Her Firmness is large, and I think she must be governed through her affections. Her Conscientiousness is developed, and in fact she seems to be her predominant quality. She has large Imitation and Mirthfulness. She is quick tives and principles readily, and feels the result of them. Her Ideality is large, and I should say she can tell. Her soul is a sort of machine, with Benevolence for the motive power, and affection which are not subject to the test of her understanding. Her Love of Approbation is large, and rules over which reason has no control.

"Now, sir, I should say that was a somewhat quality which she has inherited from her father; That is, the quality of doing her own thinking. She has a will of her own, and sometimes—and sometimes call marvellousness. She isn't inclined to receive anything second-hand, but must it in her own mind, and found it credible.

"And now, sir, you see how it is that you find a delicately organized, nervous person, with a strong-minded child. Your wife is not a scold, but lacking in sufficiness. Her sympathies are stronger than her reason, and the control of her life will consequently depend almost entirely upon the impulsive workings upon the circumstances that surround her. In the sphere of the affections she is perfect. She loves her children, the love of all who associate with her. And, in the ordinary beginning and ending of domestic government, she rules in this household. Her husband loves her very much. You have seen that. And you have noticed the secret of her influence. She is loved, and therefore she has power to make her happy. But suppose she should attempt to govern by force alone? Suppose she should stop down from the realm of the affections, and attempt to act her single will against his. Of course you can see what the result would fail at once.

"Now, sir, I believe no one is exactly the same with the child. In the realm of Love the mother is supreme over Kate. But when we come down from that, we find that the will of the child is the strongest. It is the manifestation of selfishness force the child has the greatest control over. Pain or sorrow to the mother and child come together in the conflict of wills, and the child is the victor. Such is my opinion. It is inevitable. And then we come to the conclusion if the mother would exercise a little pleasant sense with her child, she must be careful that she always has the strongest reason on her side. She must beware that she does not make the first false step. For, understand, the moment this mother betrays her impatience, that moment the child has gained the advantage. The little one marks her parent's look and word, and when the frown comes, and the angry speech follows, the avenues of the affections are instantly closed, and the "adhesive functions come into play. Don't you see that Mrs. Edgerly, when she has thus, seems with Kate is always the first to lose command of her temper, and that, in this loss, she loses the only element at control she possesses over the child?"

The door-bell rang, and our conference was broken up.

I kept the school at Willow Point two years, and then moved away, and went into the practice of the law as profession. Ten years elapsed, and I visited Mrs. Edgerly again. I found Kate a beautiful maiden of eighteen, and she had the a reputation of being the most successful teacher in the district. Her school-mates all loved her, and they obeyed her, too. Age—and more than that—had given her quiet a firm control.

One evening, as we sat in the parlor, Kate was in the kitchen, and after she was gone I remarked that she was wonderfully like her mother's sister.

"Aye," replied Mrs. Edgerly, "she is indeed. She always was."

"Yes," I said. "The first time I ever saw her, I saw how strongly she bore her father's nature."

"And I think, sir, that you once had some conversation with Mr. Parker upon that very subject."

"Very likely."

"Yes—I know you did; for he told me all about it." She swept her hand across her brow, as though busy with recollections past, and then, by sir added, with a solemn shake of the head:

"Ah, but I have been in those early years, how much like her father she was, I might have known better how to govern her; and—how to have governed myself in her presence."

AN INTERESTING SCRAP OF HISTORY.

There is still living at Green Bay, in Wisconsin, a descendant of Pontiac, named Quesnel, whose entire life of nearly a century has been spent on the Michigan and Lake Superior. He is a man of extraordinary intelligence and unfailing memory, and has participated in the early history of the country as of the most interesting character.

Besides his own recollections, he relates those of his grandfather, who was a Frenchman, Charles de Langlade, who, as an officer in the French army in the French and Indian war, was stationed among the Indians of the border, occupied a commission general and chief of the Indians. Many relations have been preserved in the valuable collections of the Wisconsin Historical Society. The cession, from which I have been permitted to take the following extracts, was somewhere between 1754 and 1755:

"My first secret I remember of my grandfather in the French and Indian war, was to keep the Ottawas, Chippewas, Menomonees, Winnebagoes, Potowawmies, Hurons, and perhaps others—and their wide tribes—on the side of the French and its defence against the English; and also to keep the Sioux, and their wide tribes, neutral between and form of the English Colonies.

"What gathered in my mind strong, I do not remember hearing my grandfather state, but I know that he was in command of Indians at the number. Nor do I know how large a band he had under him, but I have understood that the premise is that nearly all the Indian force was under the control of the French in the beginning.

"On the arrival of my grandfather with his Indian forces at Fort du Quesne, spies were sent out to watch the movements of the British army; and they soon returned, reporting that Braddock's army encamped on the night of the early march of the Monongahela, cutting a road through the forest for the artillery.

"It was determined that M. Beaujeu, with Ward Pontiac, should go out and meet the British forces under De Langlade, should go out and lay in ambush, and attack them on their march, while crossing.

"The Indians got to the south bank of the Monongahela about noon, halted, and prepared their food. The French under Beaujeu and the their Indians had secreted themselves in ambush on the north bank.

"De Langlade now went to Beaujeu, and told him that the Indians were few, but that they should be at once commenced. Beaujeu made light of the matter, and ordered them to march together, and desired them to go to that officer and demand orders to open the battle. No sooner said than done. Pontiac marched.

"Once more my grandfather was blessed to Beaujeu, and commenced the battle with an immediate attack upon the English, saying, that if he did not commence at all, the Indians would enough to act as he did; but if he had the battle, they would not leave, and so it was, while the enemy were engaged in eating, they would fall upon the British camp, and be tempting to cross the stream; thus no other escape for the English army than to march on and that the English were too powerful to be met in open battle.

"The French commander was evidently displeased with the plan, and spoke of it as foolish; and seemed in doubt what to do, but at length gave the order to commence the attack.

"The action was at once commenced, and the English officers, who had their little surplus baggage with them, were busy loading their own and took part in the conflict. A good many of them were killed, and the rest were obliged to leave their coats, showing how suddenly they had been thrown into the fight.

"The English, occupying the lowest ground, stood their ground for some time, but at length, as cannon balls would strike the trees half way up the hill, retreated.

"In the battle Beaujeu was killed. But the French gained the day, and the rout was great. It who were killed, were not hit by the bullets of the enemy, but by the falling limbs of the trees and trees by the over-shooting of the English cannon.

"The English army, after the battle, went on with heavy loss, the first thing to claim my grandfather's attention was, to provide for enemies stores and supplies, which they had abandoned in their retreat. All this history preserved upon the ground, less the Indians should indulge in the practice of returning to secure them dangerous to the French and to each other.

"While the savages looked with sorrow upon this opportunity to plunder, the French officers, however, at the time, in sculping and stripping the bodies of the dead.

"Most of the British officers were superbly clothed, having been fitted out in their uniforms their arrival from Great Britain; and their clothing and purses afforded a large share of interest and value to the Indians.

"The Indian savages alone engaged in securing the plunder, for many of the French were also eagerly employed in this manner. La Chine son, a young man of my grandfather's party, of much enterprise and promise, discovered the body of an English officer, richly dressed. Almost at the same instant, one Rocheblave claimed to have found it; but La Chinese managed first to get in his possession the officer's well filled purse. Rocheblave stoutly contended for a share of the prize, which the other refused, and the two parted in no friendly way. The next morning La Chinese was found assassinated, and his purse of gold missing. There was no positive evidence of Rocheblave's guilt, but he was ever after strongly suspected of the crime.

"After Braddock's repulse, I do not know whether my grandfather returned home, or remained at Fort du Quesne to engage in the partisan service. We find Dumas, the commandant of Fort du Quesne, giving him orders on the 5th of August, 1756, to go with his Indians and a party of French to make an attack upon Fort Cumberland, and ascertain whether the English were making any movements in the direction of the Ohio—to guard strictly against being surprised, and unsuccessful, and if the Indians should take any prisoners, to use his best efforts to prevent their torturing them.

"Of my grandfather's partisan services, while at Fort du Quesne, I would like to mention an incident which he narrated to me:

"The Commandant gave him orders to take a small force and go to a certain point on the frontier, and endeavor to capture a prisoner, from whom to gain information.

"Reaching a frontier fort, which must have been in Pennsylvania, Maryland, or Virginia, he managed to seize a sentinel in the night, and with him learned that an officer, or general, was expected to arrive at that fort, as a certain time, with a large supply of money for public purposes.

"De Longlade accordingly took a sufficient number of men with him, and among them a Mohawk Indian, who had a fancy for scalp-hunting. They ambushed the road upon which the expected prize was to pass. It was at this time that Washington was in the vicinity.

"At length, after long watching the path, the small English force guard preceding the money appeared the ambuscade, and soon the sleigh containing the officer passed. It was a single officer, who rolled out in the rear of the vehicle, which the French officer was to head the party. But the little dog jumping into the road in advance of the sleigh, gave the alarm to the guard, and the Englishman suspecting some trap set upon him, instantly—with great presence of mind—turned his horses about, and commenced retreating at full speed.

"De Longlade seeing this, sprang after the sleigh, and seized hold of the back of it. The officer within, used his whip freely upon his assailant, and at the same moment drew a pistol, which my grandfather snatched from his hand and threw it upon his shoulder.

"The Englishman now used his whip inwardly upon the horses, and they began to gallop, and the next upon my grandfather. So hastily did the sleigh move, that the latter was obliged to run at length forced to quit his hold, and thus lost the much coveted prize. The plaint of the gallant officer was his only trophy.

"To the premature barking of the French-man's dog, I attribute the escape of such large a troops with his valuable charge.

"My grandfather used to tell with great pleasantry, the incident of his horsewhipping and pistol-shooting of the officer, and how it all ended, he used frequently to meet in Canada, with the same Englishman, and even up to the time, relate the exploit with much good feeling."

THE ESSENCE OF SELFISHNESS.

We are not in the habit of scolding; but there are times when a free expression of our mind upon the atmosphere amazingly—and this is one now! If there is any one thing at which we look with disgust, it is the VICE of SELFISHNESS. They don't keep it in drug stores; but it would be of no use to inquire for it in the chemists's; but, unless we are mightily mistaken, it is to be found under the drawing-room's roof. It generally walks about, neatly garnished with fine raiment and cologne, and is usually hitched up in broadcloth and fine linen. And the worst of it is, that it is the hardest disease to relieve of its own distinguishing characteristics; for the moment it is walking the straight and narrow path in a bee-line; it don't know, upon the slightest hint, that it is a sinner before the all-seeing world. We could enlighten it—the very moment it is made conscious that its vice is an irresistible desire to get up and bare the sore of its own deformity—and we've come across it by way of relieving our mind per journal. Providence knows very well what it was about, when it made the world, in the first creating up this habit of intolerance that is to pay these people for their vice. It would have been unreasonable satisfaction to give the fire a poke, occasionally.

Selfishness is the vice of vices. Nobody must be come mistake here. We don't consider ourself guilty!! Don't you, sir, if you're a singular what different telescopes people see through! Selfishness is the vice of vices, for the take of the murder. Here is a small memorandum of what we mean by selfishness.

For you to sit on the back piazza, and read a chemical treatise on the nature of fermentation, while your wife is cooking herself and a kitchen over the kitchen fire, because—because you can't eat cold trash?

To take your hat and dodge off to the Club, or the Lodge, or some such unwholesome den, the minute the baby is tucked up, and the cat has had its supper, and the evening paper—one of your Evercise-ship ready to sit down and have a little chat?

To imagine that the sore places in her heart, are to be healed up with a kiss, or a few words, up with five-dollar bills?

To inwardly inly possession of the easiest rocking-chair, and the corner nearest the fire, and the best light, and the largest share of the first reading of the newspaper, and the front side of the bed?

To grumble at your wife's "waste of time," if she can't get to dig potatoes for supper, and fix the border of petunias and grass-plots in the back yard?

To give her seventy five cents to go to matinee, and ask her if she don't intend to come back.

To hint that in these hard times she ought to try to get along with one servant, and ask, in the most insinuating tone, if Mrs. Jones' girl says looks as use as Tompkins's wife, who boards, and don't know a gridiron from a tea-kettle.

To give fifty dollars to a poor woman, and refer a dozen wretches, who wouldn't care if you never sent to Saint Patrick's cathedral, and wouldn't lift their finger to get you out again, to the fifty carriage-loads of fashionable humbug, whose owners are living in splendor, and they'll be sure to get you out again.

To spend your money for the luxuries of life, and leave your wife to worry through with the necessaries, and then tell her that you've been economizing, and that you've been economizing, and that you've been economizing, and

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

THE CLOTH OF THIS EDITION IS UNPARALLELED CHEAPNESS, BUT OF THE LEDGER.—We have reason for congratulation by popular and numerous witness, in order to make a great and cheap edition of the LEDGER, that the paper should be of the best quality; and, as a legitimate result, the circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any two others.

WE ALWAYS SEND the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the subscription is out, unless we receive a request to continue it, and it is unwise to incur any expense to collect subscriptions before the time expires.

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THE NATIONAL FLAG.

Eighty-four years ago on the fourteenth of the present month it was resolved by Congress, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the States be thirteen white stars in a blue field." Twenty-one more stars have since been added to the constellation as of 1777, and the "blue field" is now spangled with thirty-four shining symbols of Liberty and Union. The progress of the Republic during the period that has elapsed since that grand act eclipse was adopted as the national ensign, has been little short of miraculous. Its population of some three millions at the commencement of the war of Independence, has increased to more than thirty millions, and although yet in its infancy, as we reckon the ages of nations, it ranks by its intellectual importance, its commercial power and influence, its material resources, and the vast elements of national glory, with the mightiest empires of the old world. Never was a nation more bound from comparative insignificance to substantial greatness since time began. Our story is the very romance of history.

When drooping branches can by one take root
Until a forest hides the parent tree,
Symbols the rise of Empires—yet for more
Affords no parallel. *So bursting away*
Were scattered branches by the hand of God!
Behold the instance—it stands for all!
From the blue mountains to the boundless main,
Morning in valleys, dotting fertile plains,
And on the hill-sides shining, crowned with spires,
Our white cities; while through the forests wind
Our inland lines sweep laden to the sail
Of ships that bear our wealth to distant seas
Freely received. Let from your yet to part,
Trailing their smoky pennons on the air,
The mighty manufactories of the land.

In each now
That bells the earth our star-lit banner shines,
And every gale sends forth to every shore,
On home affairs, our foreign enquiries!

The flag under which we have obtained to such a pitch of prosperity and glory, was first displayed in battle on the 8th of October, 1777, at the memorable battle of Saratoga, which resulted in the surrender, a few days afterwards, of more than six thousand British troops to the American arms. This was a glorious beginning, and the banner thus auspiciously launched upon its career, was borne on from victory to victory, until it floated over the hights of Yorktown, and the veterans of Cornwallis grounded their weapons under its triumphant folds. Thirty-four years later British valor again assailed before it at the dauntless battle of New Orleans. There Packenham and Gibbs and Keane were compelled to do it homage, and still more recently, after a series of the most brilliant achievements, interrupted by a single reverse, it was planted, an emblem of conquest, on the capital of Mexico. Through three wars it has passed without a stain. Never more than four years of peace has it has fluttered over the only free country on the face of the globe. It has been respected in every land and on every sea. No government has ever outraged it with impunity. It has been borne further into the regions of eternal ice than any other flag in Christendom. The greatest statesmen and warriors of the old world say, or of any times—have flourished in its shadow. Science has unrolled it to the breeze. It was the battle standard and the pall of Washington. It is the only legitimate emblem of true civil liberty that floats this day between earth and heaven. The down-trodden peoples of Europe look up to it with eyes as full of trust and hope, as if it were the consecrated banner of Constantine, "In hoc signo vinces." Under this sign shall we conquer, was written in letters of light across its stripes and stars. It is the flag not merely of this Union but of Freedom—*the law no other!* To abandon or dishonor it would be to lose ingratitude to Heaven, and foul treason to mankind! LONG MAY IT WAVE!

PURELY SPIRIT.

Can a human being perform a disinterested action? Is a question often discussed among young men. "Of course not," says young Ardent; "I have just given sixpence to a beggar woman I never saw before, and shall never see again; that was a disinterested act." "Why, it?" says Crusty; "did a desire to get rid of the old woman have nothing to do with the act? And is not Mr. Ardent so constituted that he cannot say No to any one without inflicting pain upon himself?"

Young Ardent thinks ill of Mr. Crusty's disposition. He says that Crusty has no generous impulses, no faith in man's higher-thinkings. Nevertheless, in quiet moments, when free from Crusty's irritating presence, he is obliged to admit to himself that there is a large proportion of selfishness in the actions which he supposed to be utterly generous.

And what of it? Are good deeds less good on that account? We think not.

Man is not called upon to be disinterested. It is no part of his duty, and it is probably beyond his power. We are so formed, and so are constituted, that our duty and our interest are always the same. It is the duty of the shoemaker to make good shoes, in order that the feet of men may be properly protected, and it is the interest to make good shoes in order that he may get more shoes to make. The same is true of all men and all duties, from the lonely cobbler at his bench up to the patriot soldier fighting for his country.

But though complete disinterestedness is unknown to human nature, that man is a poor creature who has none of it. An unhappy wretch is he who serves as a soldier solely for his pay, not loving his occupation, taking no pride in it, feeling no generous ardor to perform its duties well. We have observed of all the best soldiers whom we have known, that they have a certain love of good workmanship, irrespective of the prize to will command. Good preachers, editors, actors, authors, soldiers, lawyers, surgeons, scientists, all exhibit a disinterested love of their work. Not that they are rich or, or ever aspire to be rich, because in the rewards of their labor, which are fame and fortune; by a sense; but besides these, they have a keen and constant delight in the mere exercise of their powers.

There are large numbers of people to whom life is a dull affair. The morning brings with it no joy, the evening no content. They live in a round of duties that are always tedious except in the mere pecuniary, among the rewards of this lamentable wan of enjoyment of existence can be found in the investment in the business of business in a purely selfish spirit. The happy men are the men who are in love with their work, who spring to their labor with exhilration, and glory in doing it well. The happy men are they who, without being disinterested, abound in the spirit of disinterestedness, because they succeed because they must, and serving the public because they love to do it.

DYING WORDS

Some Edgeley town of remark, who could not left well enough alone, has recently been rooting among the graves of departed worthies, and reporting to have been stirred by dying greatness, in the hope of finding something new to add to the history as spurious. His success has not been brilliant. He has only succeeded in proving that history has now and then put into the mouths of dying celebrities words they never uttered, and hence he infers that the practice is universal. We have a somewhat more cool-blooded incredulity. We cleave to believe in Lucian's Cynic, that a poor woman exclaimed "See how a Christian can die," Goethe's prayer for "light," and Napoleon's "Let us cross the ship." Adieu's" tin this then is the last of words, and a hundred other characteristic expressions alleged to have been uttered by dying men, are mere plots, statement and heroes. If the words are considered with the circumstances which they have been entertained by the worships to whom they are ascribed, we think we may safely pronounce the authenticity—especially when vouched for by responsible witnesses. But we are inclined to the insinuate that the famous words of the dying Napoleon were not uttered by the dying man who was anxious to console his fellow-citizens for the loss of his person. Certainly not the members of the Lawrence family now living believe whom he uttered the words that are put in his remark. Some creatures are so constituted, that they cannot leave this world of contradiction and noise, or gaseous, or Christian expression, except on the evidence of their own senses. Others they adopt as authentic, on the flimsiest pretexts, whatever good, men would desire to be uttered.

BUSINESS NEXT FALL.

What sort of fall trade shall we have? is a question that a great many people would like to be able to answer. The unprecedented case of our long-headed business men down are anticipating a good season for business. Not that the country is not in a state of war, but that the business done will be very considerable in amount, and profitable to those who produce that usual. Several reasons are given for this opinion. In the first place, the country is now on hand throughout the country will be exceedingly small, and there is no large panic in trade. Secondly, the immense sums of money paid by the government, a large part of which is spent in the country, will find their way, ere long, into the ordinary channels of trade. Thirdly, the currency of the great West will soon be credited by the vast amounts of gold that have been sent thither to pay for exported grain. Fourthly, for a year past the farmers have been doing well, paying their debts, and the crop yearly is spread a little money. Fifthly, a great part of the labor of the country is in manufacturing articles that are absolutely indispensable to it. Abundant crops are expected next harvest, and in the winter. For these and other reasons, our business men are hopeful that the next especially fall business may be reasonably expected. They think also, that a large proportion of it thus annual will be done for cash or short credit.

MODERN ARMS.

In glancing over the war-history of the present century, we find that modern fire-arms do since not-nigh over the enormous sacrifice of life which the ancient weapons occasioned. Even in the battles of the First Napoleon, from the conflicts at Marengo in 1800, to the great fight at Waterloo in the same month of 1815, over eight hundred thousand men were engaged or expended," and during the eleven weeks' campaign of Napoleon, which began in the spring of Dresden and fifty thousand were killed and wounded. Of course, a great many of these were slain with the nephew was infinitely less disastrous than the prominent weapons of the day. The cannon and Minnie rifles, slain as they look like at a distance, are terrible. They plough the way to peace. Shut up in his fort with a thousand shell at command, the Russian long-doled them, has in field comparatively few casualties. Even the entire work-history of the present century would come to be less horrible than that found by those who come after us that all great battles were decided by regular rules.

THE AMERICAN CROP.

What a productive season is this, all over the northern States! The oldest inhabitant never saw the country look so fine. Crops, in general, a more superb appearance of fertility than it ever does. All over the country, in the most abundant production, and this season was rather late. The wheat is already in the granary, corn of corn, but not the finest effort upon the growing grass. The hay crop is secured, and the oats thereof is in of excellent quality, and much above the average quantity. Potatoes, which appears to have escaped, very generally, the ravages of the insects, are looking well in every part barrest. Corn, though a little backward, promises well. Now these crops are, we believe, all that the crops this year should be abundant, we would not say a word, but they are not so, by no well. A failure in any one of our great staples would be a serious matter to the country, not to the United States only, but to civilization.

☞ The miserable condition of Blooming dale Road is inducing many of our citizens who have occasion to cross over to Jersey, to take the drives are much more pleasant. It strikes us that our "City Fathers" might afford to keep one road on this island in tolerably decent condition, and as long as they prefer to put their money rather than expend it for the public convenience, we ought to be thankful to our Long Island neighbors for providing us with a means of exit from the city so convenient as the Skillman Street Ferry, and the Hunter's Point and Flushing Turnpike. This is a new road, and affords one of the most pleasant drives in the vicinity of New York.

THE FUGITIVE LIEUTENANT.

It was while the American army was feasting and starving at Valley Forge, and while the army was tricking and bamboling in Philadelphia, that a dark, gaunt, haggard-looking fellow, walking with a crutch, approached the northern outpost of the Royal forces, and, with a simple, idiotic laugh and leer, announced his intention of entering the army and taking the British general prisoner.

"Indeed!—then I shall be under the necessity of arresting you?" said a young subaltern, looking at the man's miserable appearance, and suspecting a serious air

"Why not he?" laughed the idiot; "just you try it, that's all."

"Why, my good fellow, what would you do?"

"Do?" exclaimed the other, evidently much offended at the question; "why, I'd tell the great General Washington."

"Then I can afraid to venture on your street. So, you are a spy, I probably find General Howe prepared to receive you."

The idiot contented himself with laughing, shouting wildly and suspiciously, as if he feared he might meet the general in the wind as boldly going to capture, but finally hobbled off toward the city. While some silly colloquy he was past the different sentries, who seemed to give him no thought beyond the amusement of the time. By night he was fairly within the town, and, after a few hours' wandering among the eastches of old songs, and in general not much to the purpose, he found a sense enough to direct her he continued to hobble forward, till he came to one of our guard-hights, consisting a block of three-story, respectable looking house, with a single sentry pacing to and fro before it. Under ordinary circumstances this sentry would have been deserted, so that when he stopped before one of the houses, and began to rap on the door, his astonishment was great.

"Won't you give me something to eat, ma'am? I'm very near starved to death."

"Who's there?" replied the woman, in a voice of evident fear, and not at all suited to the occasion.

Soon after a lower shutter was pushed a little back, and a hand, consisting some bread and meat, was thrust out.

"Mother!" said a low voice.

"Hush, Margaret!" exclaimed the female within, in an agitated tone.

"Mother!" repeated the beggar, in a guarded whisper.

A moment after the door was thrown open.

"O, ma'am—mother!" he exclaimed, as if I do," said the beggar, as if in reply to an invitation to enter. He was now standing within the threshold, with an appearance of deep humility.

"Come in, poor creature!" said the lady, who was dropped his crutch and threw his arms around her neck, "come in, mother!"

"Mother! dear, dear mother!"

"William! my dear, dear son!" she cried, pressing the ragged mendicant to her heart; "oh, my dear, dear William! I knew you would come to me. But how is it I find you here to this and plight?"

"Why, mother, I am a spy," said he, his disguise, playing the fool to the sentries. But tell me, mother, how you happen to be here, and in there troublous times?"

"I am here for your sake, my son. The British are our masters here, but so far I have little to complain of, both in point of personal treatment. Provisions are scarce and high, and we have a very stricken economy shall I be able to live through, my comfortable income, however, is the envy of my considerable length of time. Your sister Jane is now married to Major Andre, and I am deeply regret that she has missed this opportunity of seeing you."

"And are you alone, mother?"

"William, the British officers are boarding with me."

"So they belong to the army?" inquired the young man, quickly and uneasily; "and are they quartered here?"

"No, they appear to be private gentlemen of fortune, and have taken lodgings with me until they can look troubled—have you anything to tell me, William?"

"If detected, I may be hung as a spy."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the mother, in alarm; "you have not been in the army, surely?"

"Quick, then, come up stairs, and let us fix you in your proper dress, before any one comes, he hogsets! Oh, William, I am so alarmed!"

The mother and son went up stairs, and, after considering several plans, decided that the best way to avoid suspicion would be to act as consciously, as the trap-door leading to it could be easily approached, which would tend to blind a search; while the mother could have free access to the roof, and, by means of a long rope, lower to her son such articles as he might himself into either the yard or the street. This plan was soon arranged, and, after a few days, when the two could think of, and served to remember, all the necessary articles, and when all was consequences. Having provided the rope, the mother descended to the street with a basket of food, which her son began to devour with a voracious appetite, while she kept a look out for a truth, when, in the character of a beggar, he had obtained himself as he was gone. In a moment of temptation.

While he was eating, his mother piled him with questions concerning the army as Valley Forge, to which he gave a most unsatisfactory solution, and which he had left on a furlough; and that the army was in a most deplorable state of destitution and suffering that cannot be described, and that he was sympathy. There thousand soldiers had been driven to desertion for some time, and, without the common necessaries of life, and starving, many who have left upon the frozen earth, they walked shivering through the snow. Some had given up in despair, and, together at night, to get what little warmth they could from each other's bodies, and the general and wretched set of beings that ever a nation could be seen.

"God help us all!" ejaculated the mother, in pious tone. "I suppose, after all our hardships, we shall be compelled to succumb to our enemies at last."

"Never," cried the young officer, "while there is a single man to cross over to country to make a last desperate stand. We can only be conquered by annihilation; and if it is God's will that a tyrant shall rule over this broad continent, not a single true heart will live to feel the oppression and degradation. Ere that time, dear mother, I for one shall be beyond the reach of earthly rewards."

"God bless you, William!" cried the mother, enthusiastically, grasping his hand; "your father's spirit speaks in you. He died on the battle-field with three servants in his hand; and I freely give you—my only son and hope—to the glorious cause which his blood and that of thousands of others has hallowed."

For several days the intrepid young officer remained concealed beneath his mother's roof, his presence supposed to be known only to themselves. But one evening, near the end of his seclusion, he was beginning to think about preparing for his secret departure, an officer with six men appeared at the door, and said his name was Arnold, and that he was Benedict, supposed to be somewhere in the dwelling.

"What, then, is my son?" said the widow, in great trepidation.

"It will be more likely that he should be here then," was the unfeeling reply.

"Then I suppose you would you arrest him? and what will be done with him if found?"

"We shall take him for a spy, and, if found guilty, he will be hung of course, as every creature could should be. Here, Badger and Wilson, guard the back door; you, Bent and Willets, watch the secret; and you, Jones and Johnson, remain where you are. Sorry now, old lady, to have to follow be taken alive if possible—but, alive or dead, as the case be takes. Now, good woman, if he is in the house, of which we are strongly assured, let him appear and save yourself much trouble, otherwise the consequences be your own fault."

"If you think my son is in the house, search to your heart's content!" returned the mother, externally calm, internally suffering.

And forthwith the search began.

Minutes the young lieutenant, who had heard enough to comprehend his danger, and also from effecting his escape, but not altogether in despair, had been making his coat on the roof, it is true, and slid the long rope to the neighboring house, and was about sliding into street, but this only for a blind. He had seen the mother and son enter the room below occupied by his mother and one of the neighboring buildings, but soon loosely pas up under the ridge-pole, and in the darkness descended to the floor of these, crawled through into the left of the other house, and concealed himself them. This purpose he effected before the search commenced, and was not a little surprised to hear the little noise he was compelled to make, "Search everywhere," said the old lady, as she rose around the chimney, served to mislead the search, "search everywhere, for I have a feeling of intense satisfaction that he heard them announce the manner of his capture, and shortly after, the whole party left in haste, first commanding Mrs. Edgeley to remain concealed in quarters, for harboring, concealing, and concealing the escape of a rebel spy, even though that man was her son.

When he recalled that all the soldiers had gone, young Ruggles attempted to return into the house, finding it thrilling by the way in the hill, but in again dislodging the bricks for this purpose, the trap door slipped and went down through an open fire-place upon the top of a large, round, black stove. Immediately after a light flashed on the scene, revealing, not a timid female voice demanded who was there, but a file of Hessians. Should the young soldier regain his liberty, he would be exposed; and should he be taken prisoner, he was probably to be made, which might prove even more serious in consequences. What was to be done? The sudden inspiration seized him. It was a woman's dress that would screen him, and he resolved to put it on. He would make himself known, appeal to her sympathies, and throw himself upon her mercy.

"Lady," he began, in a gentle tone, exhausted and overcome his fair features, "I am ashamed. I am a friend in distress, the son of your next door neighbor. I am hunted as a spy by British soldiers, and, if found, by your countrymen. I am not a spy, but I am on God's side; my only my poor mother, and sends me for her aid.

He proceeded himself at the opening to the left, and, slightly startled at the sight, looked down from it, directly before the lady, a sweet, young girl of eighteen, who stood with a light in her hand, and seemed dumb and motionless with surprise, fear, anger, and curiosity. The young man continued to speak, but he described, and hurriedly and in earnest to narrate all that had occurred, concluding with the secret way in which he had escaped into the loft above.

"Now, dear girl, it is in my power to aid you, sir?" were the first words of the girl, spoken with a natural feeling of sympathy for the distress of the young man, and with strange emotions.

"Yes, I have come to you to tell him that a cousin from New Jersey, about his own size, was to be leaving next unlike him, was then on a visit to the family, leaving a pass from a neighbor. This pass she had that evening been looking at, and, in the confusion of the moment, had forgotten. The cousin having gone out with the rest of the family, to witness the search.

"Take it and fly, and may God preserve you!" she said. "I am sure you are not a spy, and, if you are, continued; "I can have lost it, and he can not be punished another."

She hurried him down stairs, throwing a shawl over his shoulders, and, with a smile and hastened upon his wearing, saying it had belonged to her deceased brother, and he would find it at any future time. She then hastened to get him a hat, which was on the table in the hall, and urged him to go at once.

"Can I ever see you or my mother for a moment?" he said.

"You must not venture out—I will enable all to her—go while you can, before it is too late." The Heaven bless you, sweet lady!" he said, impulsively seizing her hand and kissing it with his lips. "I will never forget you."

He then rushed out into the dark and rainy night, and, from the window, the girl closed the door, and, with a heaving bosom and a beating heart, sank upon a chair, and, for a few moments, gave herself up to the luxury of tears.

WALL STREET BY GAS LIGHT.

Wall street, after dark, presents a singularly spectacle. The contrast between its business aspect by day and its sepulchral appearance by night is painful. The soil goes out at it with the evening lamps, and the whole street seems in daylight next morning. During the intermediate hours there is a sense of ghostly horror in occasional private watchmen, with what appears to be a dark lantern in one hand and a cudgel in the spectral horror of the scene. The very gas lights seem to burn blue like corpse candles, which, considering the state of the moral atmosphere in which they are kept, is not to be wondered at. The banks look grim and ghoulish. The iron doors that echoes by day to the voice and tread of commanding millionaire, bound through the darkness, visible like a tender deformity of the grave thrown—with bones in it, of course, it has no connection. Quite otherwise. Then the black streets that run into the thoroughfare of Mammon, seen, by the lurid light of the dim and dusty lamps, give one the idea of roads to Tophet. Altogether Wall street by gas light is a very polemical-looking place, and if it were not overlooked by Trinity church, one might be excused for fancying that it would be a congenial resort for evil spirits that keep late hours for wicked purposes. Of course, when the *habitues* of the street come back, their premises purifies it; and during the day it wears a virtuous, exemplary and cheerful aspect.

ABOUT TENTS.

Millions of the Earth's inhabitants have no other homes than tents, and desire no other. In fact, some of the tribes who dwell in these portable tabernacles look with pity upon the civilized inmate of stationary domiciles, calling them "prisoners of cities." The Kord of Persia, the Samoiede of Siberia, the Bedouin of Arabia, would consider a brown-stone mansion in the Fifth Avenue a very unhealthy and inconvenient substitute for the skin or canvas home which he carries with him on a camel or his horse. And certainly the nomad who rents a new house in land as it were, has some important advantages over the stationary householder. His habitation is his own, and he never raises money upon it, or finds any difficulty, or is compelled to sell it in hard times at a great sacrifice. He pays no house rent, and never changes his location as often as he deems it for the benefit of his health or his pecuniary interest to do so. The most beautiful and sublimest scenery is open to him in his wanderings and his without fee so long as he chooses to occupy them, and whenever his pickets tire that the overarching pasturage belongs to him for the time being. In short, he is a locomotive squatter sovereign, establishing his dominion wherever he lists, and holding it by a more genuine tenure than ever lived of it. Can any human being be more independent?

Christian civilization cares little for tents, however, except for military purposes. And what are the soldiers but nomads? Above the most unsuitable concerns for the purpose are those which the ambitious habit architectural ingenuity could devise. Their shape—we allude to the common A tent—is the most objectionable—seriously calculated to retain and hold the wind and rain, and rendering cold incredibly. During the siege of Sebastopol a tremendous tornado prostrated in a few hours the tents of British and French armies. Only the wounded besieging army of the Turks remained unmolested. Did the allies profit by the hint? Not they; they went on erecting their frail canvas summer houses, like those the tempest had consolidated, with the same appearance as before. Every gale made large gaps in their encampments, scattering destruction and discomfort around, and instead the pelting of the pitiless storm without ceasing. It is also said that the wooden winter quarters were already crowded almost to suffocation.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that there has been very little improvement in military tents since the days of Agamemnon. The French army tents—those adopted within the last few years—are an improvement on that of their kind extent. They are an improvement upon the English marquee, but are still objectionable, but crept in this respect are not much superior to those of the Roman legionaries in the reign of Nero, each of which was capable of accommodating eight men in private soldiers. Even in the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, when the tent was the natural tether of what seem to have been pretty comfortable tabernacles, they were constructed of the skin of a certain Red Sea fish, resembling chamois leather,—in King Arthur's Britain, they were rendered badger's skin.

The best tent, if "wrinkle" in army tents is an invention of Captain Rhodes, a British officer, which seems to offer a vast improvement on the French pattern. We have a description before us. Unless ingenuity can improve upon all European tents, this is the best yet invented, unless the military tent of the age is yet to be invented. Here it is:

VIVID LIFE.

"Tis not in mortals to obey to live,
Nor all to death as life.

I have been reading a fine book by one of those persons to whom the simple gift of existence seems a source of boundless delight. One who walked the earth with bounding step, and with whom the commonest events of life was a special gift of love. A happy, joyous, rich, exuberant nature, which the world can never could never touch. All how and to turn away, as we look from the sun, and yet which we strive to rank there can be no exemption. We never saw him, we never shall see him, but the spirit of which we revelled in this beautiful world, and which we recognize in his printed words, seems as if we were smoothing the hair over the brow of a child, and saying, "With a sigh we go into the bright sunshine, and the day before us."

Why was he born for this? You must have felt this question, dear reader, a few thousand of some one, who being dead yet speaketh.

Why was he born for this? Why are such kinds who could never—never—die to us? Whose spirits are immortal? Whose gorgeous natures still flutter past us; whose fragrant breath we inhale in hand as it were, but whose flowers we never cease listening. True—this book is the work of a man who died some years long since; and we go there, and read their words, and we say the day before us with as stupid a bewilderment, years after, as if we saw him for the first time. Is there not some mistake. It cannot be—that some day, at the very moment when we are most alive, and we mean upon you that fate, bright-eyed, cherry-lipped and radiant. Death may wantonly come to us recklessly, a ring that dust once were; perhaps it is not so. Perhaps the bright ones, nestled in bright trees, whose fellows, thread by thread, have decayed long ago; but still, our yearning hearts turn away from all these unbelieving proofs of bereavement, and cry out piteously—"Impossible!"

And sometimes we meet a strange face so mockingly like the dead one; or a form every poet so, that makes our breath come quick, and our hearts beat with a wild, unreasonable yearning to touch it, as we chokingly murmur the dear name in silence. And when we see a sparkling beautiful, we so long that they should see it; and we long for the time to come for a great deep sea, and on the mountaintop, and in the green lane. Then this yearning ceases, and we will not be denied. Can love like this, die when we die? Blessed be God for immortality!

FANNY FERN.

CROAKERS

If there is any "evasive extermination" capable of annihilating the croaker, the croaker, we should be glad to hear of it. Who is there that has not, in the course of existence, drinking human shower-bath—ever ready to drench the ardor and damp the spirits, and make every circle as dismal as his own dark soul. We have seen such persons enter where their presence was unwelcome, and we have still seemed to descend at once with their ingress. We have seen them where the sunny or blithest side was not sufficiently cultivated by this wretched animal, till everybody present felt like rushing out into the fresh air, and trying his limbs, to see if they were not at all capable of such a bit spirit. If there is any such person in one's neighborhood, the more severely he is let alone the better; especially if one would have a home where children should love to stay. It is a crime so to overshadow their young lifes brightness; to poison their cup with distrust and suspicion so unnecessarily. For their sake, at least, it were wise to shun such nuisances the door.

FANNY FERN.

THE ENCHANTED MAIDEN.

BY PIERRE CAHY.

My cup of life with joy is full,
And my heart is thrilling now,
The basker shakes in my trembling hands,
Till its sweet drops overflow.

All day I walk as in a trance,
And the thoughts I never speak,
But try to hide from the world away,
Dwell in me in self-like sheek.

And often out of my dreams at night
I wake to consciousness,
For the spell of happy slumber breaks
With its own excess of bliss.

I am almost burdened with the wealth
Of a joy so great and good,
That I cannot keep it to myself,
But tell it if I would.

The strange star that should come to me,
Who, all her life before,
Content in her quiet household ways
Has asked for nothing more.

And, stranger, that he is whom the power,
The wonderful magic lay,
That changed this world to a paradise,
Was a man but yesterday!

THE TRIAD;
OR,
ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.
A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION
BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANSFORD.

CHAPTER XI.
THE VOWELESS SOUL.

The hate which Clara's father felt for Harry Temple was profound and bitter. Wells was famished in his loyalty to King George. He was a selfish, narrow-minded, and money-spirited man. Harry's noble qualities, his bold and frank spirit, and generous nature, only made him more hateful to a man like Wells.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he sedulously practiced the barrier which he had erected between the two lovers. Gondo had told Wells of his conversation, and Miss Archer added his influence to deepen the impression on his daughter's mind.

As they rode along he alluded to this, so that Harry could hear it by any means forget it.

"I cannot bear the sight of that villain," said Wells. "When I see him I think of him as he appeared amid that raging mob, when I appealed to him for safety."

"And wouldn't he help you?"

"He? He help me? What do you suppose brought him there?"

"What?"

"Revenge. He vowed revenge on me, and he found it.

"Do you believe this, father?"

"Believe it? I know it.

"I do not think it is possible for any one to be so base. He does not look so."

"He is all the worse on that account. He pretends to be a bluff, hearty, whole-souled man, and that makes him all the more a knave. But let him beware!"

Clara's heart again sank within her. Oh, what joy it would have been if she could only have avowed his innocence. But over this selfhood tendency to his guilt distracted her. She longed to speak to him, and hear from his own lips whether these things were so. But that was impossible.

"He planned that thing well," cried the old man, after a pause. "Oh, it was well done. But, Clara, it was for your sake that I hurried him the house. If I had fawned on him—if I had sacrificed my precious child, I could have escaped; but I loved you, my daughter, and I sufferred."

"Oh, father."

"You must see that I had no personal feeling against him, except that honest indignation which every true man feels for a traitor."

"Did you suspect him before?"

"Well, I did. I cannot tell you all the reasons. Suffice it to say, they were sufficient to show me his true nature at once."

"And that was the reason why you discouraged his visits."

"That was the whole and the only reason, my daughter."

Clara sighed heavily.

"I know you will rejoice, my child, to think seeing that villain unmasked, and your mind forth in his true character. He is capable of any treachery."

"Perhaps he could explain all this," hinted Clara.

"Explain! I warrant you he can. He can explain anything with that smooth tongue of his. Why, he could prove that he wasn't in the crowd at all if he chose to."

With such conversation as this, Wells sought to make to his daughter's mind a conviction of Harry's perfidy. He spoke of his own sufferings, of his foul dishonor, of the losses and jeers of the mob. He depicted the horrible scene where he had been tarred and feathered, till his daughter wept in pity.

No wonder then that her father's words conveyed to her a terrible sense. What else could she think?

These last two lovers went on the western road, filled with thoughts which were at once the most tender and most bitter. Each one felt outraged at the other's conduct, and yet each one at that very moment would have died to save the other.

At the head of his band Temple rode silently and sternly on. When they halted to refresh or rest, he elevated himself on the back of the horses, the arms, and the baggage. When again they resumed their journey he was still in his former position, and relapsed into his former mood.

At length they came to the River Hudson, where there were boats in which they were to ascend the remainder of the way.

Harry Temple entered one boat with his men, and the travellers entered another, and thus they went up the river. Harry sat in the stern, and his boat led the way. He scarcely turned his head once.

Bitter were his thoughts. And this was the journey from which he had hoped so much. What would it avail him, now that she was so near to him. Better would it be if they were a thousand miles apart.

He determined to forget her; but still, as he drove her from his mind, his wandering thoughts would fly again and hover around the dear object.

They were frequently stopped. Boats sometimes put out from the shore, at other times guns were fired to warn them to haul and give an account of themselves. Harry's attention was taken up with these incidents, so that this part of the journey was more endurable than the former part.

At length they arrived within sight of their destination. It was with feelings half of pleasure and half of pain that Harry saw West Point. He would now be free from the distress of witnessing Clara's coldness; but he would no longer have the pleasure of guarding her, and knowing that she was near.

As they rowed in toward the shore, the current caught Harry's boat and brought it close up alongside of the other. Clara was sitting at that, at this moment, Harry was brought up so near so closely that their shoulders touched. Her hand was on the side of the boat. As Harry saw her he thought of nothing else. Their eyes met. They looked at one another as though they would read each other's souls; and in the eyes of each there glowed undying love—love beyond the utterance of words—love stronger than death.

At that moment Clara thought not of his fancied treachery; she only saw in him the man whom her heart adored.

And Harry forgot all else. Almost unconsciously he reached out his hand to hers, he touched it, he grasped it lightly—that little hand and a thrill flashed like lightning from hand to heart.

It was like a dream.

The next moment the boats were drifted asunder, and a few minutes after they touched the shore.

Clara, disturbed and overcome, did not dare to look around again; and Harry, seeing her resume her old restraint, resigned likewise into his reserve.

The ladies, with Mr. Wells and the attendants, stopped at "Robinson's," but Harry and the men went further on.

THE EXPLANATION.

Clara was worn out by fatigue, but much more so by the guard which she had been forced to keep over herself during the journey.

As soon as they arrived, she sought her room, where she flung herself upon the bed, and sought relief in a pasehm of tears.

Up was near her.

"My poor child, you are distressed," said Up, who always called her by this name.

"Oh, Up!" was all that Clara could say.

"Come, child," said Up, with tremulous tones and sympathizing, yearning look in her eyes. "Come, child, lay your head against me. Come."

Clara obeyed her nurse to draw her to her bosom. Then this mysterious old woman smoothed her hair, and talked in a strange, wandering way.

"My lamb, my love, my child, I have heard what they have all said. Oh, my lamb, they believe them. They are all lies, all lies."

"Up!" exclaimed Clara, "whom do you mean?"

"My child's noble lover, the young officer, and he's the truest heart that lives."

"Oh, Up, Up!"

"I know what your father says."

"Up, Up—and isn't it true?"

"No, no; all lies, lies," murmured Up. "Ah I I know your father—I know him."

"Oh, Up Tell me—who saved my life?"

"The brave young officer. He risked his own. He saved you. I know all. He wandered through the house calling you. Those who were there knew him not. And he found you in the inner cellar, and came forth all scorched and burning, but with his dear love unharmed."

"Oh, I knew it!" cried Clara, clasping her hands, and falling upon Up's neck in a passion of tears.

CHAPTER XII.
THE MIDNIGHT VISIT.

Temple could not escape from the deep grief that distressed his soul. He longed to see Clara once. He could not endure this silent estrangement that had sprung up between them. If they had only had a quarrel about some definite thing, he would have known how to treat it; but this mysterious coldness and silence were more than he could endure.

One week passed, and another, and another followed, but the tormenting fears that racked his soul increased in their power. There was neither rest nor respite for him.

At last his patience was utterly exhausted.

"I must see her!" he cried; "I must speak with her. She must read I care for her. Oh, this oblivion! I will go boldly and see Clara, and hear from her own lips my sentence. Then perhaps at least will be over."

But then pride interposed. "No; why should I go? If she would not speak to me on the journey, is it probable that she will speak now? It is not.

"But I must see her. I cannot live without a sight of that dear face. How she looked at me in the boat, when I caught her dear hand, and that moment—how could she be acting?

His mind was made up. He would go and see her.

He waited till night, and then taking a boat, he dropped down the river till he reached the shore in front of Arnold's house. Then disembarking, he walked up toward the place and went round it, looking up at the windows and wondering in which room she was. He could see through the windows and note into the house, but the only person whom he could see was Arnold, or Mrs. Arnold.

"There is grief, deep grief in that breast," said he, as he looked up into the melancholy face of the general's lovely wife.

He entered the garden in the rear of the house, and seated himself upon a rustic bench. Then he climbed a tree, hoping to catch a glimpse of Clara. He felt that it was rather a dishonorable thing, but he was desperate, and his soul yearned to see that loved face again.

He heard footsteps and voices.

He started.

They advanced toward the tree. Soon two persons came to view. It was too late for him to come down. He was forced to remain where he was.

He heard their words quite plainly. Shame filled his mind at thus being a listener to the confidences of others, but he could not help it now.

"Communication is easier now than it was," said one.

At the voice Harry started.

It was Benedict Arnold.

"Yes," said another, whom Harry recognized as Wells. "Gloucester has done well. What is his arrangement?"

"His fifty Indians are scattered at different points between here and New York. A message is carried from one to another, until, in an incredibly short space of time, it reaches its destination.

"It would be terrible if one were caught."

"No."

"Why not?"

"The message would not be found."

"How could he destroy it?"

"He will eat it," said Arnold.

"A good precaution."

"We cannot be too careful."

Here the voices died away in the distance, but soon they came up again, for the two men were walking up and down the garden path.

"Yes rout is swarming with rebels, and the river, too," said Wells. "It's so much as a man's life is worth to try to get to New York."

"Intrusts my example."

"How?"

"You know Gustavus is merely a business man, and his letters are modest business letters. So are the articles of Mr. John Anderson."

"Well?"

"Well, you must be a business man, too. No one would ever mistake you for a soldier—in, in?"

"What's that?"

"You need not carry anything with you, you know."

"I have it—I know how to ensure my safety."

"How?"

"I will take Clara. They will see an old man taking a young girl down the river, and they will let two such harmless travellers pass."

"Americans will, but you cannot be certain how the British will act."

"I only fear Americans."

"But Clara has been a favorite with the British."

"Oh, so long as I get through safely, I don't mind about that."

"What!" cried Arnold.

There was consternation in his threat, and his brain reeled at this open profession of the wickedness of his heart-hardened villain.

The conversation again died away in the distance, and Harry heard no more with amazement and horror. He now plainly that between Arnold and the enemy there was a correspondence.

"On the whole, then," said Arnold, again coming now, "I think you had better start to-morrow night."

"Why, if you say so."

"And I think your daughter may as well go; she cannot remain here much longer among our people, who alone are to be dreaded."

"Yes."

"Haste is necessary. The blow must be struck soon, or all is lost."

"True."

"Washington is suspicious, though not of me. He knows that there are traitors somewhere."

"Yes, traitors," said Wells, with a sneer.

"I should feel safer if he were in ignorance a little longer."

"You are fortunate in keeping it quiet so long."

"Keeping it quiet! Why, for what else are spies made?"

"Nothing else; but they are generally found out."

"You will find it convenient to remain in New York when you get there."

"Why, by the way, do not forget to dispose of this troublesome character."

"What?"

"Temple."

Here the mention of his name Harry started.

"I—that man must be got out of the way at all hazards."

"And the sooner the better."

"I can attend to it easily."

"Do so, then, by all means."

Here the sound died down for river to-morrow to Washington with dispatches."

Then, at last, he could act. He knew some bold spirits in the neighborhood, who would readily follow where he led. He determined to take these men, and sail down the river after Wells, until they had reached a place of safety, where he with the British military line, they were safe. Their real danger existed in the country that lay between the American and British outposts, where bands of marauders were constantly prowling about.

Thus he could ensure the safety of Clara, and then he could no longer have any interviews with her, it was sweet to think that he could be the means of saving her for a place of safety.

Safely, there was his own danger. The hostility of Wells was now palpable, and this he could meet; but a suffering to the British of a strange behavior. He thought perhaps that her father, by means of terrific threats, had forced her to refrain from holding any intercourse with him. The more he thought of this, the more probable did it seem. He could not forget the glance which she had given him, nor the thrill of her unresisting hand as he had seized it for a moment. Those things were treasured up in his heart, and proved that Clara loved him. Her father was the real cause of all this trouble. Clara herself was evidently unchanged, and, perhaps, he dared to think, was now as unhappy as he himself. Anger against her vanished, and pity took its place, and returning love, devoid of suspicion, now reasserted supremacy over his heart.

Whatever message Arnold might give him he would take, but he would also take his company of men with him. They would ensure him or protect Clara, and also defend him from the danger which was prepared for him.

His thoughts reverted also to Gondo, but he never imagined what a prominent part this man here in later proceedings. The interest which had been made to Gondo's Indians he did not fully understand. He only saw that Gondo was implicated in this plot.

Under this trouble of mind one great thought stood out prominently, and that was, that Clara was going, perhaps forever. Then what might he hope to see her again? She was going among the British in New York, and there she would remain, in a city to which he could not hope to go. Should she remain there now could he meet her. The end of the war seemed remote. It might continue for a life time. The present separation might not see its end. The departure of Clara for the British lines seemed to him like an eternal separation.

"Oh!" he cried, in his deep distress, "if we could but exchange lives with—if we could but hear the sound of each other's voices once more. Then I could wait in hope for years, but now how can I bear to have her go?"

All seemed dark before his soul. Blighted hope, and disappointed love, and the gloomy prospect of coming separation, united to cast him down. Before this but blow all past troubles seemed as nothing.

Thus the night passed. The difficulties before him seemed insurmountable. He could only come to the conclusion to trust to the chapter of accidents, and rely on whatever fate should lend him.

If Harry Temple was thus disturbed Clara was none the less troubled. Up's words remained fixed in her heart, and the thought that she prepared in her own eyes as the basest and most ungrateful of mortals. She could no longer ignore the fact that Harry had actually saved her from death. Whether he had raised the crowd or not was now forgotten. His supposed vengeance on her father became less hideous in her eyes. She thought only of one thing, and that was, that she had repaid the highest devotion with the coldest neglect.

On the morning after the conversation in the garden her father said to her:

"Clara," said he, "I'm going to New York, and I wish you to come with me."

"New York?"

"Yes."

"To-day?"

"Yes."

"Will we stay long?"

"It will be my home for the present, at least—and perhaps for the remainder of our lives."

Clara's soul sunk within her. She said not a word, however.

At that moment Up entered.

"Up," said Clara, "we are going to New-York."

"New York," cried Up quickly, darting a look at Clara's father.

The latter looked at Up with a strange glance. He seemed to wonder at her old nurse's use of his face. Finally he talked away and pressed his hands to his head. Then he looked at Up again, and again looked away. Up calmly stood looking for orders, which she was examined by her father's actions.

"Up, unreasonable," muttered Wells, at last. "Pooh, it can't be—I'm getting as nervous as a girl."

"What is unreasonable father?" said Clara, on whom nothing of this had been lost.

"Nothing, my child did not reply.

"Nothing child," said Up. "Your father was not aware that I was going with you. If you are going, tell me what to do." She spoke this in her usual decisive manner, and started to the door.

Wells looked after her, and did not seem altogether reassured, however he finally resumed his usual composure.

"Is not this sudden father?"

"Yes."

"I thought we were going to remain here."

"That is true enough. We only made a visit here. We must leave a home Clara."

"Leave home!"

"Since the mob destroyed our happy and pleasant home, we must leave it. We only made a visit here, and I choose to go where there is law, and order, and protection for my property, and where I can call England, and the empire of King George."

He ended this with a kind of flourish in his tone, that proved his joy at the idea of getting among the English troops.

CHAPTER XIV.
TEMPLE AND ARNOLD.

Early in the morning Harry Temple received a message from Arnold requesting him to go over to his house. He was quite surprised at this, and anxious to be out of sense of his suspense, he hurried off.

Arnold was alone.

He was a master politely and cordially. His whole manner showed an elation which he took no pains to suppress.

"Ah!" thought Harry, "all is going well with his schemes."

Presently after, he remembered Arnold's eccentric air and tone.

Temple looked after the latest news.

"It is encouraging," said Arnold, with a relieved air, "that the British have not discovered and the work of co-operation goes ought. The fleet has gone down the river, the country will be saved."

Harry remembered Temple. "That is blessed hope for our beloved country."

"It is a glorious friend. You will soon see it beyond the reach of further evil. A strong government will be blest, and a contented and happy people will inhabit it."

Harry looked bright as the prospects are so encouraging—I fancy that they were gloomy "

"Spies?" cried Arnold, with a slight start.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Down the river."

"Of what side?"

"Of your former character."

"Was anything disclosed?"

"Oh, different people are named, but there is no proof. It is nothing stronger than conjecture —and, for that matter, conjecture may fasten on Washington himself."

"No it may—no it may People get into panics at every new revelation. They lose con-

trol of their faculties, and suspect all, indiscriminately."

"If the guilty man should be found," said Temple, "he will meet with little mercy."

"That is true."

"A traitor is detested more than a murderer, or a thief," said Temple. "And no wonder; for at such a time as this, when all the country is fighting for liberty, and men are shedding their blood like water, what can be worse than to betray those noble souls?"

"And yet these 'noble souls,'" said Arnold, with a perceptible sneer, are all considered as traitors by the British. In their eyes you and I are 'traitors,' and even the illustrious Washington is seldom mentioned by any other name than that of the 'arch rebel.' Traitor is a relative term."

"But there is a vast difference between fighting for liberty and betraying it."

"Liberty—that is another word that is misused," said Arnold. "The British pride themselves on their liberty as much as we, and fight for it as earnestly."

"In America, at least, they do not fight for it."

"Do they fight against it?"

"Certainly."

"Now they say that they fight for true liberty, and order, and law, and right. They say that we fight from evil motives—that we are traitors to the king and our other fellow subjects. The fact is, we are really fighting for independence, not for liberty—as a proposition as independence is desirable, as a thing worth having."

"Of course," continued Arnold, "among the subject, I join in the common cry, and shout for liberty with the best of them; but you are a man of education, and so am I, and we know."

"Nevertheless," said Temple, "there is such a thing as Liberty, and I am fighting for it. I believe, also, that there are such things as Treason, and Virtue, and Religion, and Freedom."

"Certainly there are," said Arnold, carelessly. "But now to business. I have a dispatch, which I wish you to hand to Washington. He is at King's Bridge. I wish you to start this morning, and as soon as you can come over to the other side of the river, and go down by land."

"It is not better to go in a boat?"

"No," said Arnold. "A boat is not fast enough. Besides, you have no permit to go stopgoes, when examined by the guards. Go by land, and make haste."

So saying, he handed Temple a package. Temple took it and rose.

"You may have some little difficulty," said Arnold, "but a brave soldier like yourself knows what to do."

"Yes," said Temple, extending his hand.

"Adieu, and God bless you!"

"God bless me!" repeated Temple, as he left the house, "the double-tongued, perjured and black-hearted traitor! He sends me away to death with a false sneer on his lips, and a treacherous word in his mouth!"

He walked softly out and thought of Clara.

"Ah, why does she not love me? for I do," he murmured. "Still cruel and relentless?"

He walked on, often turning back as one to sigh.

There was a little grove at the foot of the hill that led to the house. It bordered the shore. Through this Temple passed.

Scarcely had he entered it than a cry reached him.

There, full before him, with fire suffused with a crimson blush, and eyes that looked imploringly, pungently, lovingly at him, with her half-extended, and trembling with deep agitation, there stood his dear lovely Clara herself!

With a cry of joy he caught her in his arms.

Not a word was spoken for some time.

"I am going to New York," murmured Clara, trying to disengage herself, "and I saw you, and I could not go without saying good-by, for we may never meet again."

"Oh, Clara, what have I done that you should turn from me?"

"Also I do not ask me; I owe you a great debt. You saved my life."

"Hush! Do not speak of that. Why did you shun me on the journey? Why did you refuse to look at me?"

Clara trembled, and murmured inaudible words. She could not tell him that her heart had been made agitated him.

"If you had looked at me," cried Temple, mournfully, "it would have been enough; but how could you refuse to look?"

"Forgive me! Forgive me!" faltered Clara.

"I have nothing to forgive. I could lay down my life for you. I am yours in life, and for evermore. Do you doubt me? Have you lost faith in me?"

Clara sighed.

"Oh, speak! If you have, say so, and let me know the worst. What is the name of this change? Once you met me frankly and fairly, and did not shun me——"

"I do not shun you now," murmured the lovely girl, smiling through tears.

Let all be forgotten. I ask no more. I will not think that you ever shunned me. Only a moment reopen me for all my sorrows."

In these confusion, Clara recovered herself, and afraid of discovery, the fair girl looked around like a startled deer, and tried to rise.

"Oh, not yet—not yet."

"They wait for me to be home," said Clara, with quivering lip.

"I will not pain you by detaining you," said Harry, sadly.

"We will never meet again," said Clara, mournfully.

"We will!" cried Harry, vehemently. "Now you are mine I will seek you to the end of the world! You are mine! and I will not part again!"

"Forgive me," said Clara, softly, with a thin kindly of me when I am away."

"Oh, are never out of my thoughts, and my heart beats only for you! Will you think of me till I see you again?"

Clara looked timidly upward—her eyes expressed all that was in her heart.

"There—there—I must go."

"Farewell—oh, farewell!"

"Farewell!"

Hurried words were exchanged, and tender farewells were given, and these two fond hearts tore themselves asunder.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PARTY AND CAPTIVITY.

If Harry had determined to follow Clara down the river before, he was more determined than ever now after the secret interview at the gate. He could not, his eyes pleading, and all that changed. He troubled himself no more with conjecture as to cause of Clara's coldness during the journey. To his frank and loyal heart it was enough that she showed herself true at last. Enough that he had received her fluttered kiss, and heard her murmur words of love.

His men were all ready at a short notice. They were sturdy farmers, hardy as bears, and mighty with sword and ride.

Long and anxiously he delayed, until at last he had the satisfaction of seeing Clara's boat put off from the landing, and sail down the stream. There were only four in the boat—Clara, her servant, her father, and a boatman.

Harry had eight men with him, and his boat was a strong and swift one. Hoisting the huge sail, they were soon sweeping gallantly down the river, and came rapidly up to Wells's boat.

That gentleman recognized them at once, but did not deign to take the slightest notice of them. At once, however, Harry was rewarded with a glance from Clara—half mournful, half happy.

Harry did not for one moment think of obeying Arnold's orders about his route. It was very inadvisable, malicious, and unmilitary on his part, but he considered that his knowledge of Arnold's design on his life absolved him from all obedience. So he never wasted another thought on the subject.

He did not wish to leave Wells, so he kept at a respectable distance, hovering about, shifting his sail, to prevent any one from the shore, and never losing sight of a slender form in the stern of Wells's boat, and the illustrious Washington is seldom mentioned by any other name than that of the 'arch rebel.' Traitor is a relative term."

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"We will!" cried Harry, vehemently. "Now you are mine I will seek you to the end of the world! You are mine! and I will not part again!"

"Forgive me," said Clara, softly, with a thin kindly of me when I am away."

"Oh, are never out of my thoughts, and my heart beats only for you! Will you think of me till I see you again?"

Clara looked timidly upward—her eyes expressed all that was in her heart.

"There—there—I must go."

"Farewell—oh, farewell!"

"Farewell!"

Hurried words were exchanged, and tender farewells were given, and these two fond hearts tore themselves asunder.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PARTY AND CAPTIVITY.

If Harry had determined to follow Clara down the river before, he was more determined than ever now after the secret interview at the gate. His eyes pleading, his eyes pleading, and all that changed. He troubled himself no more with conjecture as to cause of Clara's coldness during the journey. To his frank and loyal heart it was enough that she showed herself true at last. Enough that he had received her fluttered kiss, and heard her murmur words of love.

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Harry had eight men with him, and his boat was a strong and swift one. Hoisting the huge sail, they were soon sweeping gallantly down the river, and came rapidly up to Wells's boat.

That gentleman recognized them at once, but

THE POT OF GOLD.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Some eighteen years ago, I was playing with my doll upon the grass-plot behind our house, when I was say, that had been so bright all the afternoon, suddenly clouded over, and a great drop of rain fell upon my doll's nose. Another and another followed, and hearing my nurse's voice calling me in at the window, I heaped up my playthings in my little black wooden chair, and ran with it in my arms to a back entry which was my own peculiar province upon rainy days, and carefully deposited my chair and its load of treasures.

Scarcely was I seated on the floor, when the rain came down with a rush. The grass-plot, the flower-beds, the trees, were watchfully guarded, as was all the country on both sides. They gave satisfactory answers, showed their pretty green leaves, and were allowed to go in peace.

So they went down the river. Hour after hour passed away, and still they sailed on, past the towns with precipitous sides and distant heights, and forests and groves; past lower lands where the rich farmers had their manse with a gentle descent down to meet the water, all clothed in verdant verdure; now flanked closely by wooded islands that were decked with rich foliage and gay flowers; now bordered with the wide bosom of the river far across to the opposite shore.

On one of those passages across, Harry looked back and saw a pursuer.

Two large boats were rapidly sailing toward the fugitives, with the evident design of closing on or far away on the other side of the river.

In a moment Harry turned his boat, and was pushing across.

The pursuers drew nearer, and from the threatening gestures of their crews, they evidently came with hostile intent.

It was a terrible moment.

The other boats were nearer, but Harry's was the fastest sailer. There was a chance that he might be over in time, and yet, if the wind should fail him, he was undone.

As to the numbers of his opponents, he thought nothing about them. He was prepared to meet twice as many as his own.

Nearer and nearer they came, till Harry could see Clara's pale face and beseeching eyes, and Wells's overwhelming form, the principal and direct object.

"Now, boys, be ready, and don't fire till I tell you."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Nearer and yet nearer they came. Harsh! Harry's hand was on the tiller, and now he turned just look out there. It is the most beautiful sight I ever saw.

"Ready!" cried Harry.

"Surrender!" cried Wells.

In those days there was no sounding on cere-monies.

Harry's men all had their guns levelled, and were in readiness now before their leader had spoken.

"Surrender!" roared the other men, "or we'll sink you."

"Fire!" shouted Harry, and quick as lightning he discharge his brace of pistols. Right reports followed against Harry. Eight men against every one in the air, and both boats were filled with wounded, and the water was dyed with blood.

At the moment when Harry had discharged his pistols, he headed his boat directly down the broadside of the nearest of his opponents.

It struck with a dull crash.

The next moment the boat reeled, filled, and all her crew were struggling in the water.

So quickly had all this been done that it seemed like the work of a moment. The crew of the other boat were in a terrible confusion. Two or two were dead, others were wounded, and the remainder were struggling.

Upon this boat Temple now urged his own to sink her. But the boatswain of that boat was too quick for him. Bringing his own boat round to the landing for the others.

But Temple was close upon them, and soon caught up. He was now among them. His crew could have conquered two such boat loads with ease; but they had still been strong, but half of these were wounded.

The men surrendered.

Harry found out that they were a band of cowboys, for they had been trying to capture Americans, and afterwards British. At first Temple thought of hanging them—then of drowning them—but finally he contented himself with tying up to West Point as prisoners.

The men all of the boat, he left floating on the wreck or swam. These were picked up one by one by comrades. All the men, however, except were then put on board of their boat, and Temple sent two of his own men to take them up there.

He then insisted that Wells should sail close to the bank, and not dare to attempt a repetition which Wells was only too eager to accept.

Here now all went on, and Harry began to renew their journey, another danger over.

Something of a shade came suddenly before them a schooner came along. It was a war vessel, and from the flag which waved at the mast-head, and from the [illegible] Harry knew that he was in the presence of a British vessel.

Temple ordered up in dismay.

"We're lost!" cried the crew.

"Overboard, boys!" cried Harry, "and save yourselves."

The men obeyed, and leaping into the river, they swam ashore.

Temple now saw them, and fired a gun. They moved up without delay. Boogy was boss.

"Hurrah!" cried Wells, as he climbed the vessel's side. "Hip, hip, hurrah! Once more I am master of my own. Now for vengeance!"

"Who are you?" asked a gentlemanly young officer.

"O. B. Wells, of Philadelphia—a Loyalist who has had his home ruined by rebels and fanatics for his Majesty."

"But this is a different sort of person," said the officer, pointing to Harry.

"I," said Harry, "am Captain Harry Temple of the Continental Army."

Clara and her father were safe from the reach of danger now, but he who had rescued them was—a prisoner.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

TROUBLING THE WATERS.

The fowling-piece is or ought to be silent at this season, for most of the birds which will be present year are as yet too young for the table. The quail, partridge, plover, [illegible] are now with parental cares, are not worth powder and shot, even if we were not forbidden by statute to destroy them before their tender breast are grown and the shrewd herself free at last. Enough that he had received her fluttered kiss, and heard her murmur words of love.

His men were all ready at a short notice. They were sturdy farmers, hardy as bears, and mighty with sword and ride.

Long and anxiously he delayed, until at last he had the satisfaction of seeing Clara's boat put off from the landing, and sail down the stream. There were only four in the boat—Clara, her servant, her father, and a boatman.

Harry had eight men with him, and his boat was a strong and swift one. Hoisting the huge sail, they were soon sweeping gallantly down the river, and came rapidly up to Wells's boat.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

did not deign to take the slightest notice of them. At once, however, Harry was rewarded with a glance from Clara—half mournful, half happy.

Harry did not for one moment think of obeying Arnold's orders about his route. It was very inadvisable, malicious, and unmilitary on his part, but he considered that his knowledge of Arnold's design on his life absolved him from all obedience. So he never wasted another thought on the subject.

He did not wish to leave Wells, so he kept at a respectable distance, hovering about, shifting his sail, to prevent any one from the shore, and never losing sight of a slender form in the stern of Wells's boat, and the illustrious Washington is seldom mentioned by any other name than that of the 'arch rebel.' Traitor is a relative term."

"But there is a vast difference between fighting for liberty and betraying it."

"Liberty—that is another word that is misused," said Arnold. "The British pride themselves on their liberty as much as we, and fight for it as earnestly."

"In America, at least, they do not fight for it."

"Do they fight against it?"

"Certainly."

"Now they say that they fight for true liberty, and order, and law, and right. They say that we fight from evil motives—that we are traitors to the king and our other fellow subjects. The fact is, we are really fighting for independence, not for liberty—as a proposition as independence is desirable, as a thing worth having."

"Of course," continued Arnold, "among the subject, I join in the common cry, and shout for liberty with the best of them; but you are a man of education, and so am I, and we know."

"Nevertheless," said Temple, "there is such a thing as Liberty, and I am fighting for it. I believe, also, that there are such things as Treason, and Virtue, and Religion, and Freedom."

"Certainly there are," said Arnold, carelessly. "But now to business. I have a dispatch, which I wish you to hand to Washington. He is at King's Bridge. I wish you to start this morning, and as soon as you can come over to the other side of the river, and go down by land."

"It is not better to go in a boat?"

"No," said Arnold. "A boat is not fast enough. Besides, you have no permit to pass stopgoes, when examined by the guards. Go by land, and make haste."

So saying, he handed Temple a package. Temple took it and rose.

"You may have some little difficulty," said Arnold, "but a brave soldier like yourself knows what to do."

"Yes," said Temple, extending his hand.

"Adieu, and God bless you!"

"God bless me!" repeated Temple, as he left the house, "the double-tongued, perjured and black-hearted traitor! He sends me away to death with a false sneer on his lips, and a treacherous word in his mouth!"

He walked softly out and thought of Clara.

"Ah, why does she not love me? for I do," he murmured. "Still cruel and relentless?"

He walked on, often turning back as one to sigh.

There was a little grove at the foot of the hill that led to the house. It bordered the shore. Through this Temple passed.

Scarcely had he entered it than a cry reached him.

There, full before him, with fire suffused with a crimson blush, and eyes that looked imploringly, pungently, lovingly at him, with her half-extended, and trembling with deep agitation, there stood his dear lovely Clara herself!

With a cry of joy he caught her in his arms.

Not a word was spoken for some time.

"I am going to New York," murmured Clara, trying to disengage herself, "and I saw you, and I could not go without saying good-by, for we may never meet again."

"Oh, Clara, what have I done that you should turn from me?"

"Also I do not ask me; I owe you a great debt. You saved my life."

"Hush! Do not speak of that. Why did you shun me on the journey? Why did you refuse to look at me?"

Clara trembled, and murmured inaudible words. She could not tell him that her heart had been made agitated him.

"If you had looked at me," cried Temple, mournfully, "it would have been enough; but how could you refuse to look?"

"Forgive me! Forgive me!" faltered Clara.

"I have nothing to forgive. I could lay down my life for you. I am yours in life, and for evermore. Do you doubt me? Have you lost faith in me?"

Clara sighed.

"Oh, speak! If you have, say so, and let me know the worst. What is the name of this change? Once you met me frankly and fairly, and did not shun me——"

"I do not shun you now," murmured the lovely girl, smiling through tears.

Let all be forgotten. I ask no more. I will not think that you ever shunned me. Only a moment reopen me for all my sorrows."

In these confusion, Clara recovered herself, and afraid of discovery, the fair girl looked around like a startled deer, and tried to rise.

"Oh, not yet—not yet."

"They wait for me to be home," said Clara, with quivering lip.

"I will not pain you by detaining you," said Harry, sadly.

"We will never meet again," said Clara, mournfully.

"We will!" cried Harry, vehemently. "Now you are mine I will seek you to the end of the world! You are mine! and I will not part again!"

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AN EAST INDIAN ADVENTURE.

Captain Maudsley in his very spirited "Pen and Pencil Sketches" gives the following interesting adventure:

I was invited to my tent this evening greatly fatigued; and during the night had an adventure which, although it was unpleasant at the time, more to myself had I slept sounder.

I had, in the sleeping-dress, or "four feet," was in one corner of the tent, close to a door, and I was awakened by a noise at the latter place. Saying I heard something moving excitability in my sleep, I could discover nothing, although a shaving, or little Indian lamp, was burning on the table. I therefore composed myself to sleep again, and slept.

Again, but I was the 'iron tongue of midnight' had told twelve—for I had looked at my watch—I was awakened by a noise, and opened my pillow—I was awakened by a rustling of paper, and I heard the noise of a stealthy step, without changing the position of my body, saw a hideous black bear within a foot of my face. I had a pistol in my left hand of a cocked, or, at least, copious disposition, kneeling on the bed, and the bear was within a foot of me, on the other grasping, not a dagger, but the door-key.

Still, without moving my body, and with half-closed eyes, I raised my left hand and fired to a bear-apter, which, at night, was always placed between my head and the wall. The moment I had cluttered it, I made a rapid and violent movement, in order to awaken my fellow-lodger, and try the virtues of its point upon the intruder. I succeeded, but I was in time. Fearful for the robber, my bearer, in placing the weapon in the sound nerves, had sent the point into the top of the tent, and the butt into the head of the family, that I failed to accomplish my first effect, and my visitor, alarmed by the movement, dropped upon his feet and rushed through the open door.

I had time to see that he was perfectly black, and that he was of the sloth kind. Blanket twisted round his loins, and that he had already made free with my in his colonial wardrobe and my dressing-case, which latter contained letters, and a small sum of money.

I had leisure also, in that brief space, to observe that he was of the ursa sloth-genus or bear, that its owner was better formed for activity than generality of the bear-species, although he was rather old than young.

I had risen up from my bed, and darting through the portion of the lazar door, seized the bear by the scruff of the neck, as he was making the outer entrance. The tents in India have double doors, the outer khauzee, or verandah, or a verandah, of some four feet wide, round the whole building, and the inner door only. However, gave way, for he had held it loosely about him, and before I could recover my hold upon him, he had reached the outer verandah, and the outer garden, but dropping in his hasty exit the much coveted booty.

I was so close upon his heels that the Bheel sentry, who was standing at the gate, only sprang over the tent ropes, which doubtless the bear-robber had himself trip up, he has towards the road.

The sentinel had a fury, that forgetting my bare feet, I gave chase, vociferating lustily:

"Chor! chor! chor!—thief! thief!"

But I was soon brought up by some sharp stones, which cut my feet severely, and saw the flight of the moon through the thick foliage overhead, and looking upon one of my horses, lying near the road, and dash down the path at full speed, his bridle-rein trailing on the ground behind him.

Now I could not have given for my double-barrelled gun at that moment! As he and my assistant Arab were still standing along the road-forest road, thought of the inconvenience of the Hasts, or the striking.

Before the next day, I noticed myself by obeying my servants, who were just rubbing their eyes, and rousing themselves from a threatening the terrified Sepoy sentry with an unloaded musket.

My trunks at night were always placed outside the tent, under the sentry's eye; for the robber, therefore, must have made his entry on the opposite side to that of the sentry, and apparent in his vocation, as four or five servants were sleeping in the same room.

"The poor wretch did not get much booty for his trouble, having only secured a cross, and a pair of pantaloons, (which will serve to lubricate his throat for the next night,) and a few rupees, which, on closer inspection, will prove to him of little value, as they are all in red gold thin glisters,' nor silver either.

The next morning, on relating my adventure, I was told I was supposed to having escaped cold since; and many comforting instances were cited of the robbed who were stabbed in attempting to secure the robber."

Normans can convey more consolation and support to a high-minded, virtuous woman, in the midst of sorrow and misfortunes, than the recollection of the conduct of her son under similar circumstances. When encompassed by dangers, difficulties, or death, women have continued to adhere with fidelity to their husbands' fortunes even after vicissitude.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,
AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MISUNDERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

Why should the secret character of some
Be hidden from the world? Why not as trees
Why bear not on each breast its fruit?
That we might know? cannot meditate them.

Augustus Mansell replied to his friend's letter by a communication quite as hypocritical and treacherous as the one he had received. Instead of feeling distressed and annoyed by his sister's vigilance as he pretended, Sir Jasper, he well knew, rejoiced in it. Every step she took only in the career of discipline plunged him still further into difficulties, from which the hand of the wealthy city heiress alone could extricate him. Those were many reasons besides the mere question of money which rendered the alliance desirable in the eyes of the baronet.

Harper and Co. had stood security to the Bank of England when the members of the mess, stolen from the firm in Lombard street so many years ago, were cancelled. It is true that not a single one of them had ever been presented, and possibly never might. But the world is a strange book; the most unmeaning page in it is its chapter of accidents. There was no knowing what turn of events might arise, like a prudent man, Sir Jasper Mansell wished to be prepared against contingencies.

"Marriage," said the captain, as he arranged the thick folds of starched muslin, the pedestal of a cereal round his uncle's throat; "it must come to that, but not yet. At least necessary I am not young to be sacrificed. And what a sacrifice! The girl's reputation is as yellow as her gold; and she is tainted like a corkscrew! The money might be well enough, but—but—the demnition!"

There was a knock at the dressing-room door; his groom came to announce that the carriage was ready.

"Who did I have you from, Buck?" inquired his master.

"Lord John Pitellimore," answered the man. "And, pray, what would Lord John Pitellimore have said if you addressed him as you have me, he did not wish to see? when no lad visitors, and 'A Happy Father, a hero!'"

"All his lordship's connections," answered the servant, with an ignorant, unconscious air, "were under vulgar fellows nor bona in his family, sir."

"There are both in mine," observed the captain.

"Indeed, sir?"

"I am come at home to Mr. Harold Mansell again."

"Very well, sir."

Had Buck apologized for his mistake, or shown the slightest amount of startled anxiety, the godson of the royal duke, in all probability, would have swore at him testily for his stupidity, and then he was, the *parvenu* felt restrained by his coolness.

From the chambers in the Albany Augustus Mansell drove to the office of Mr. Furli, and in his card, and was instantly admitted.

"I must have another thousand by to-morrow!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself into an easy chair—the only one in the office, and expressly reserved by Mr. Furli for his own use and himself, for his clients.

Fry, his clerk, a toothless old rascal, called it the operating chair.

The money-lender shook his head doubtfully.

"Asking is quite unnecessary, old Pirate," continued his visitor, with a scornful laugh. "Didn't you see me my last draft at two?"

"I did."

"You know what that implies, then. Your own terms, fifty per cent.—more, if you have the necessity in a hurry."

"Money, like every other commodity," observed the old man, sharply, "is worth what it will produce."

"Exactly my philosophy," said the captain; "now I intend mine in pleasure, and feel so well satisfied with the result, that I will not grudge the field of my operations."

"You forget that I hold a heavy amount of your paper already."

"Under twenty thousand," observed the gentleman, carelessly.

"Not much under it," replied Mr. Furli; "besides, there is this inconvenience attached to your paper, I hunt with Sir Jasper, and can't very well put in on account of you."

"If you bank with my father," observed his visitor, "you must be aware that his security is unexceptionable."

"Why not apply to him?" inquired the moneylender, anxiously.

"Can't agree to terms."

"Terms?"

"Terms," repeated the captain, at the same time throwing him the letter he had received from the baronet the day previously; "read it—marriage—must come to them in time, I suppose, but not yet; intend to have one throw more for happiness before I go in for respectability and all that sort of thing. I must have the thousand," he continued, "want it to take Clara to Brighton next week."

The wretch had heard the fallacies of his original scheme from the ballet mistress, Madame Sorbin.

"Did you, Clara?"

"Yes, Clara, a demoiselle, no one that you can possibly know anything about, old square toes, quite out of your way."

"Perhaps!" replied Mr. Furli.

The fact was, as our readers doubtless already suspect, the money-lender knew a great deal respecting her.

"If it is Miss Clerel that you are speaking of—"

"By Jove, King Mammon, but you have hit it!" exclaimed Augustus, greatly astonished; "ignorance or cunning, which have you with you?"

"Neither one nor the other" replied the former, sneeringly. "Ought I only answer for that?"

"What in the name of rent, per cent. are you thinking of?"

"Whether you really could deal frankly with me, Mr. Mansell?"

"Try me."

"His fair girl consented to accompany you?" demanded Mr. Furli; "mind, really and sequentially consented? You hesitate, I see she has not."

"She has not," repeated his visitor; "her husbandly, a wretched meddling old woman, interfered, and spoke a tongue I had told to get her down to Brighton. But I am not to be defied when once I have made up my mind to succeed; the Hayes Gards have grumbled and thrice months' leave of absence, and I intend to carry her off by force."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Mr. Mansell," said the wily, old money-lender, emphatically.

The captain laughed.

"Promise me that you will not, and you shall have the thousand pounds, raised on the usual security."

"Oh, yes, anything."

"Otherwise," added the money-lender, "I should have felt it my duty to put Clara upon her guard."

"Yes?"

"Yes, I befriended her in her childhood and watched her very lately. Poor child! she is to call and thank me on Thursday next, after office hours."

"In the evening?" repeated Mr. Furli, simultaneously. "I should not like my clerks to see her, to speak of my private affairs."

"And you are quite certain she will be here on Thursday?"

"No doubt of it. There is her note; I have not answered it yet. But Thursday is the saying that will suit me best."

"And me, too," thought Augustus. "It leaves me six days clear to arrange my plans."

"Remember," said the money-lender, as he handed his client the notes in return for his bill for fifteen hundred pounds, "that you have given your word. No attempt to lead Clara Clerel from the paths of virtue!"

"All right, old fellow!" said Augustus, carelessly, as he quitted the office, "you know me, and can rely upon my promises—good as my signature."

Mr. Furli smiled scornfully after him.

"If I thought I could," he muttered, "I would find some other means for depositing her dowdy; but I know my man—a villain thing, an insensate lie, and never kept faith with anything save his own passions. Strange," he added, musingly, "how long she girl has struggled against her destiny; temptation in its most formal guise and dangers—for she has been reduced even to that—have in vain assailed her. Is it possible that she is really attended by virtue? but I assume that only fools are caught by it.

"I must succeed. I must remove them from my path at last; Clara, even in the hands of her seducer, will be lost in the stream of Folly like other victims, and disappear as they do. As for the wretched creature, I am secure from her in other means of support—the shoe, the fan—we, I and my wife, will see to that. I must write to her, I must write to her at once."

The baronet's letter was the slightest feeling of compunction, as down to answer the grateful letter of poor Clara, it appeared the Temple evening following for her to call upon him.

Captain Mansell was about the last person to be deceived by the pretended benevolence of the money-lender, he had seen too much of the world, or rather that bad part of it, which but too frequently assimilates with the world of fashion.

"The old rascal must have some motive," he thought, "for assisting me. What can the fool gain in it be? I must recollect and question Clara. Perhaps he has an interest in her, or in her estate, if possible. Should like to do something handsome for her, if I marry."

The gentleman looked at his watch, and finding that he had several hours to kill, quitted the office upon extending his drive into the city.

Sir Jasper was absent when he arrived in Lombard street, and the empty mansion occasioned, piqued by the recollection of his cousin's merry reception, a feeling of annoyance. Determined to offer the pressing day, to seek the opportunity of meeting him, as he was known to frequent Tattersall's.

"Did my father leave word when he should return?" he inquired of the footman who opened to him.

Our hero replied by a simple negative, and without raising his eyes from the desk at which he was writing, a letter evidently understood the tone in which the question had been asked.

"Is that you, Harold?" he continued in a moment, "scarcely knew you. How do you like being a clerk?"

"Not much."

"Spoon not; dry work, eh? exposed to all kinds of slippery?"

"And every variety of impertinence," added his relative, with increasing irritation; "I am not the drudgery—the mere mental labor—one could get for one day's wages."

"Sticks in your throat."

"Sometimes."

"You must learn so to swallow it, Harold," observed the baronet, in a kind voice; "we can not all born to fortune."

"I care very little about fortune."

"Or rank," added Augustus, with great selfcomplacency.

His cousin raised his eye and regarded him fixedly.

"Still less for rank," he replied, "which is but too frequently united with knavery and ignorance. It is quite sufficient for me to know that I am a man, and can appreciate those who are; all that concerns my honor, of any sane liking, since the proudest, should he forget himself, could not offer me an insult unnoticed by the law."

"Yes, of course, you are right there; the neighbor of the Hayes Gards must be quite as much a gentleman."

"Unless he disgraces himself," added Harold.

"Yes, yes," muttered his cousin; "all that can be found against me my cousin, I hope, will not don't preach about it, as they do in the country I suppose."

The arrival of his father proved a great relief to Augustus, who did not exactly admire the tone the conversation between himself and our hero had taken. He was glad to shake hands and wound him by his insolence, instead of which, he had received the kindest words and apology, yet at the same time so politely given, that, without appearing to notice them, he was enable to show his resentment.

"You dine with the Whys to-day, do you not?" said Sir Jasper, after shaking hands with his son.

The question was addressed to his nephew, who answered in the affirmative.

"Excellent party!"

"In their sphere," added the captain, by way of complete the sentence.

"You cannot do better than cultivate their acquaintance," continued the baronet, not heeding the interruption. "The clerks can attend to these letters, and he had better remain with us."

This was a polite, we may even add, a kind way of informing our hero that he was not to set tech with his son. Harold understood it so, and with them took good evening.

"I ought to like my uncle," he thought, as he quitted the house, "for he is always civil and studence to me; and yet, heap it, am not naturally ungrateful—I do like him—I must like him."

The feeling, however, was not unaccountable, like yet, was something like a recurring decimal—there was no getting rid of it. It would return.

"My cousin, I perceive, is becoming a personage," observed Augustus Mansell, in a tone of ill-humor.

"How so?" said Sir Jasper, coolly.

"Judge from the way you treat him."

"I treat him as I do every one," replied the banker, "and, failing you or your heirs, heir to my baronetcy."

"Ah!"

"The contingency, with your objections to marriage," added his father, "may eventually prove worth something."

"Indeed!"

"Have you never considered this?"

"Never."

"It is quite as well that I have reminded you of it," continued Sir Jasper Mansell, drily.

The shrewd, calculating man of the world saw that his son had taken a strong aversion to our hero, and thought to excite his jealousy by alluding to the possibility of his succeeding to the title.

"But this is childish," he continued. "You are young, and will come to your senses one day, I trust."

"I have come to them already, father," answered Augustus, with sudden resolution.

"Have the Jews failed you?" demanded the banker, sarcastically.

Augustus, by way of reply, produced the notes he had just received from Mr. Furli.

Sir Jasper smiled bitterly, and with his son whether he meant to insult him.

"I know the price," he observed, "at which you must have procured that money; fifteen or twenty per cent., at the very least."

"I defend it," replied the spendthrift, "as a proof that my credit is not exhausted in the money markets, as you suppose, and to convince you that it is not necessary that you should be asked to accept the offer of Harper and Co.," he added, alluding to his father's slip of the pen.

"And you will marry her?"

"The whole firm on the same terms. Three months honored paper, or the house will become guilty; that is, on my return from Paris."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

RETROSPECT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Oh, for the summers when
I used to sit with bare feet in the grass,
Watching the clouds make pictures in th' air—
Ah, me; I am no longer what I was—
The rose, so lovely then,
Can hardly now persuade me she is fair.

Oh, for the golden key
That would unlock the chamber of Delight,
From whence I used to see
The morning coming up so warm and bright,
In peonies of a day, whose hot-red eyes
Lay sweet among the stars, and close to heaven.

Oh, for a single hour
To have little knots of cool and soft blame
All straightened—all undone,
As in the times when fancy had the power
The weariest and forlornest day to bless,
At sight of any common little flower
That warmed her pallid fingers in its arms,
And had no grossness but her loveliness.

Having our clocks to make,
Most strangely we forsake
The better for the worse—sometimes you see
The brook which runneth all the valley by,
About the tangled roots of some old tree,
In silvery silence lie:
Who has not done the same? alas, not I.

KENJ-MOHAIB, THE BEAST-TAMER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Kenj-Mohaib—or Denish-Ere, as he was more generally called by the English residents who knew him—was the most remarkable man I met, during my travels in India. I first beheld him in one of the principal thoroughfares of Calcutta. I was walking arm-in-arm with my old friend, Colonel Marvin, of the Bengal service, when the latter suddenly stopped and pointed across the street to a thin, diminutive, sharp-featured man, who was slowly shuffling his way along, without seeming to notice the attention he attracted from the other passengers.

"There is a character for you, Sanford!" exclaimed my friend, somewhat excitedly, "and you are fortunate to get a sight of him."

"Well, who is he?"

"A prodigy, a seraph, a linguist, a sorcerer, a necromancer, a conjurer, a juggler, a wizard, a magician, a beast-tamer, and some say worse than all. Quick! let us cross over and follow him, for you will never regret having seen him at close quarters."

"A very wonderful being, certainly!" said I, as I turned across the street with my friend—"but pray be a little more explicit, and tell me what he has ever done to gain him so many remarkable titles."

"He is a very learned man for one thing—speaks more languages than I ever heard others can conjugate the verb 'love' in more than half, and can cow the wildest and fiercest animal with a single glance of his wonderful eye."

"Do you speak from common report or personal knowledge, Captain?"

"Both, Harry. You remember our old schoolfellow, Hugh Denton, who died of the fever last summer?"

"Yes."

"Well, he prided himself on keeping two of the most ferocious domestic animals to be found in India—a bull-dog and stallion—and the Major was always trying to be a better marksman than one that no one could buckle a collar around the neck of the dog, or put a bridle on the horse. Several persons were killed or maimed by the beast tamers, were induced by the large odds, and the spirit of celebrity, to make their trials; they were very soon only too glad to get off with whole bones, and allow the Major to pocket his winnings with his usual sarcastic laugh.

"But one day the Major made a mistake. A green-looking Irishman, with a very rich brogue, sought an interview with our friend, and said he had ten guineas to wager against a thousand, that he would bring a man who would put a collar on the dog and a bridle on the horse within ten minutes after entering the arena, and that the animals should be left free meantime, and not be tortured in the least.

"Of course so happy a chance for sport and profit was not to be slighted by dark Pitcairn, and all his friends, myself among the number, received an invitation to be present at his stable on a given day on the following week.

"Well, we were all there, punctual to time, and so was Irishman, and so was the dog and the dried-up specimen of humanity you are shortly going to see. None of us had ever seen him or heard of him before, and when told that he was only the individual who was to undertake to win the bet for poor Pat, as we called him, we all gave way to the most uproarious mirth and mess, and confessed it till the stronger turned to sin, with a look that seemed to freeze up my blood, said, in a very quiet and dignified tone:

"'Gentlemen, there is a maxim common to the English language, that he laughs best who laughs last.'

"I do not know why it was, but the strangest feeling of fear and awe came over me at his singular eyes rose anon in the glance which he threw around the circle, and on turning to the others, I was still more surprised to perceive that every face, even the Major's itself, was as pale as a sheet.

"'Sir Stranger,' said Pitcairn, with a great effort, 'you have undertaken to do what no living man can, and as a proof that I consider you entitled to the respect due to a gentleman, I will permit your foolish and boasting companion to withdraw his bet, and thus save you from the ridicule which will attend your failure.'

"'I must ask you to retain the bet, Colonel Pitcairn; but if you fear my success, I will suffer you to withdraw your wager, and take care yourself a heavy loss.'

"'Well, if you wish to risk your life, you shall have the opportunity!' said the Major, with a curl of his lip, followed by a nervous assurance of the stranger; 'but please remember, while I lose but, like a gave you a fair warning.'

"'Where is my horse?' demanded the beast tamer;

"In the stable before you, and here is the bridle you are to put on him.'

"This time, without deigning a reply, took the bridle, advanced to the door, and threw it open. We all drew back in alarm, expecting to see the furious beast, which was free, dash upon him and trample him to death. But the animal, to our utter surprise, only turned and looked at him, while he stood calmly and coolly looking at the animal. This lasted from three to five minutes, and then, to our astonished astonishment, the fellow walked deliberately in, put his collar on the horse, and led him forth, as gentle as a lamb.

"'Gentlemen!' said magic is this?' exclaimed Pitcairn, as white as a shirt.

"'I only put the collar on the dog,' said the stranger, with a grim smile.

"He then took the bridle from the stallion, led him out into the stable by its mane, and closed the door. Under the greatest excitement, we all followed him to the room in which the dog was kept, and which none but his master ever dared enter. As the little wicket in the main door was thrown open, the dog came forward with a ferocious yell, and thrust his ugly head through, fairly foaming with rage.

"'Go back and lie down!' said the beast-tamer; and the fierce dog, fixing his blood-shot eyes upon him, to our utter surprise, began to cower and slink away.

"Then this man-devil, with another grim smile, threw open the door, walked quietly in, buckled the collar around his neck, and led him forth as tame as a kitten.

"'In the name of Heaven, who are you? and what sorcery is this?' demanded the Major.

"'I am Kenj-Mohaib, at your service,' replied the little man. 'Gentlemen, have I won the wager?'

"'No,' cried the Major, excitedly, all agreed that what he had just witnessed, 'villain' was your master, the devil, has. Give the Irishman the money, the cur-

rency, and let them go!' I fancy I heard a sulphur.'

"'I will only take a hundred guineas, fifty for my friend and fifty for myself,' said the beast-tamer, 'and the nine hundred you shall keep to pay you for kindness to my expense.'

"Yes, Mr. Sanford! all said the Major; I do not wish to be bureed beneath any time.'

"'You are but a sorry jester, young man, to keep your money when you have lost it,' said the Irishman, with a scoffing sneer, leaving the nine hundred guineas behind him.

"Since then," concluded the Captain, "I have met Kenj-Mohaib on some three or four times, and heard stories related of him that would make the tales of Munchausen. We have named him the Beast-Tamer, but I am sometimes tempted to believe that his eye has the power to kill.

"And this is really the man before me?" said I, looking with surprise at the little shuffling figure, coarsely habited, and wearing a sort of woolen turban, instead of the flowing Asiatic dress I had expected to see him in.

As I said before, he was attracting general attention, and many stopped, spoke to each other in low tones, pointed and stared, and a few, like myself and friend, followed on after him. Denished to get a good view of his features, I hurried past him, and then returned, looking full in his face.

His countenance was not remarkable, except for having an old, withered, wrinkled, dry, parchment appearance, resembling an Arab's, or a custom-house officer's, who has made himself to all kinds of weather. His features were small, his cheek-bones high, his nose thin, with aquiline nose, thin lips, and heavy brows, like his eyes? Well, he eyed. I never saw such eyes before nor since in the head of any human being. They were large, but had extremely black and penetrating, with a fiery redness gleaming from them, such as I have rarely seen more impressed behind the pupils, with a strange ability to fascinate and command all to them; and when for a single moment they encountered mine, I felt a peculiar thrill pass through my frame, as though I had received a shock from a galvanic battery. I looked away, and there, he had exerted his will, he could have suggested me on the spot—paralyzed my whole system. Was this power a gift from God, wonderful power he exerted over dumb animals was not from, and if whereof are we to fear a fearful test. I was glad to let him pass on; but the look I received as he did so was such as to even put I can recall his face more vividly than if I had seen him but yesterday.

Some three months later I next beheld Kenj-Mohaib. It was in the city of Delhi, at the public clock of witnessing a trial of his most wonderful powers. The day was fixed, and was accordingly summoning along the street, when I was suddenly struck by meeting a child in the arms of a nurse. I stopped, looked at the child, and the next moment I was following the nurse, with my eyes fixed upon the child's face. I had recognized it as one I had seen in the house of Kenj-Mohaib, and I was determined to know how it came there.

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"Hold! hold! I will master the beast alone!"

I looked quickly around, and, to my great surprise, beheld the wonderful Kenj-Mohaib forcing his way forward, and nearly out of breath.

"Stand back, men, or you will be torn to pieces!" cried the Sergeant, as the beast-tamer pressed forward to the window, and placed his hands upon the sill to spring through.

The next moment Kenj-Mohaib had thrown himself boldly into the room, and, with a wild roar, that made us tremble outside, the tiger sprang upon him, and we could hold the result.

A deep and awful silence followed. The change of position of the beasts prevented our

seeing, from where we stood, what was taking place within, and we were consequently in uncertain.

Rock out, men! look out, all!" cried the Sergeant; "the tiger has killed that fool, and the tain of blood will be upon us in a moment!"

"Who is the fool?" said Kenj-Mohaib, sternly, appearing at the window, and giving the accustomed soldiers a look that made them quail. "I have killed the beast, which is more than a dozen of you could have done, and you have done!" and turning his back, he advanced to the child, picked it up, returned, lugged out, placed it in the arms of its half-distracted mother, and then, with a word, went shuffling away at an indignant, angry gait.

I was so astonished that I did not speak till all was over, and then, with the others, I rewarded forward, and beheld the tiger dead, with his throat awfully gashed, and completely torn to pieces.

Then I told what I knew, and the mysterious beast-tamer was pursued and sought for, who heard my story. The child, though much wounded, was recovered, and restored, and, for all I know, is still living, but Kenj-Mohaib I never saw again. Most wonderful and mysterious being!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us from Subscribers. We state this because we have, for years, persons have supposed some of them to be manufactured for the purpose of advertising. We have no room for any but those which we think will interest the general reader.]

CHLOE.—Your theory is founded on an untenable assumption. It is believed by the best authorities that Shakespeare's plays were written expressly for the use of the theatrical rather than because the combined population of the world could not have filled it. Acts at the first quarter are pure extravagance, yet a manager's ridiculous will enable him to crowd his house for a week or two, and thus make a fortune. Such a large city than is it. Events are known to have died a natural death in a single season, and then the curtain shall be rung up and a new piece produced. Sometimes nominal, and there are fewer inquisitions to spend time and money in search of them. The greater number advantages far more than counterbalance the expenses of the trade, and the reader is expectant for thousands of merchants, manufacturers, and others, who have not the time or the pecuniary inquiries requiring their daily presence in town, to have their wants supplied by agents